WEEK ENDING FEB. 2, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Winter Vacation

WODEHOUSE ~ SUTHERLAND ~ JANIS ~ WOLFF ~ WERNER

When nights are cold . . .

¶ Motor oil must flow. And Texaco does. Freely. *Instantly*—the second your starter goes into action. ¶ In cold weather many motor oils turn thick as grease the moment your engine cools. When you start, they lag in the oil leads, leaving bearings and cylinder walls unprotected. For whole seconds these "dry spots" grate and grind and chafe each other. ¶ Not so with Texaco Golden Motor Oil. Clean and clear—as pure as it looks—free of all cold-sensitive impurities, Texaco flows and lubricates at *all* temperatures. Even at zero—and lower—Texaco flows—and lubricates.

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GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

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When the young wife knows half the truth (*and half only*) ... about feminine hygiene

WHERE does her information stop? Where does her *true* information stop and begin to be *mis*-information? It all depends upon her circle of friends, those to whom she has talked confidentially. And so many half-truths are passed around about feminine hygiene. So much advice given that is only half-way right. For the rest of the way it is entirely wrong and sometimes even dangerous.

Her advisers may know—and the young wife herself may know—the general attitude of doctors and trained nurses about the propriety of feminine hygiene from a health standpoint. They most certainly approve. They realize perfectly the advantages of complete surgical cleanliness. The safety of it. The feeling of daintiness and well-being so necessary to the woman of refinement.

But the medical profession also is keenly aware that many women are following a dangerous course in this practice. They are using poisonous germicides such as bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid sold under trade names.

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Sad as it is to realize, women often do themselves irreparable harm in a praiseworthy effort to attain antiseptic cleanliness. Delicate and sensitive membranes are exposed to the risk of mercurial poisoning. They are frequently hardened and deadened by continued subjection to carbolic acid. Areas of scar-tissue are sometimes formed and the normal body secretions are interfered with.

The truth is that until recently the practice of feminine hygiene was likely to be fraught with these dangers. The only germicides powerful enough to be effective were these old-fashioned and terrifying poisons. How different everything is now! Today no woman need have the slightest hesitation in taking advantage of the professional approval behind the regular habit of feminine hygiene. *Because today she can get Zonite, the marvelous antiseptic of the World War.*

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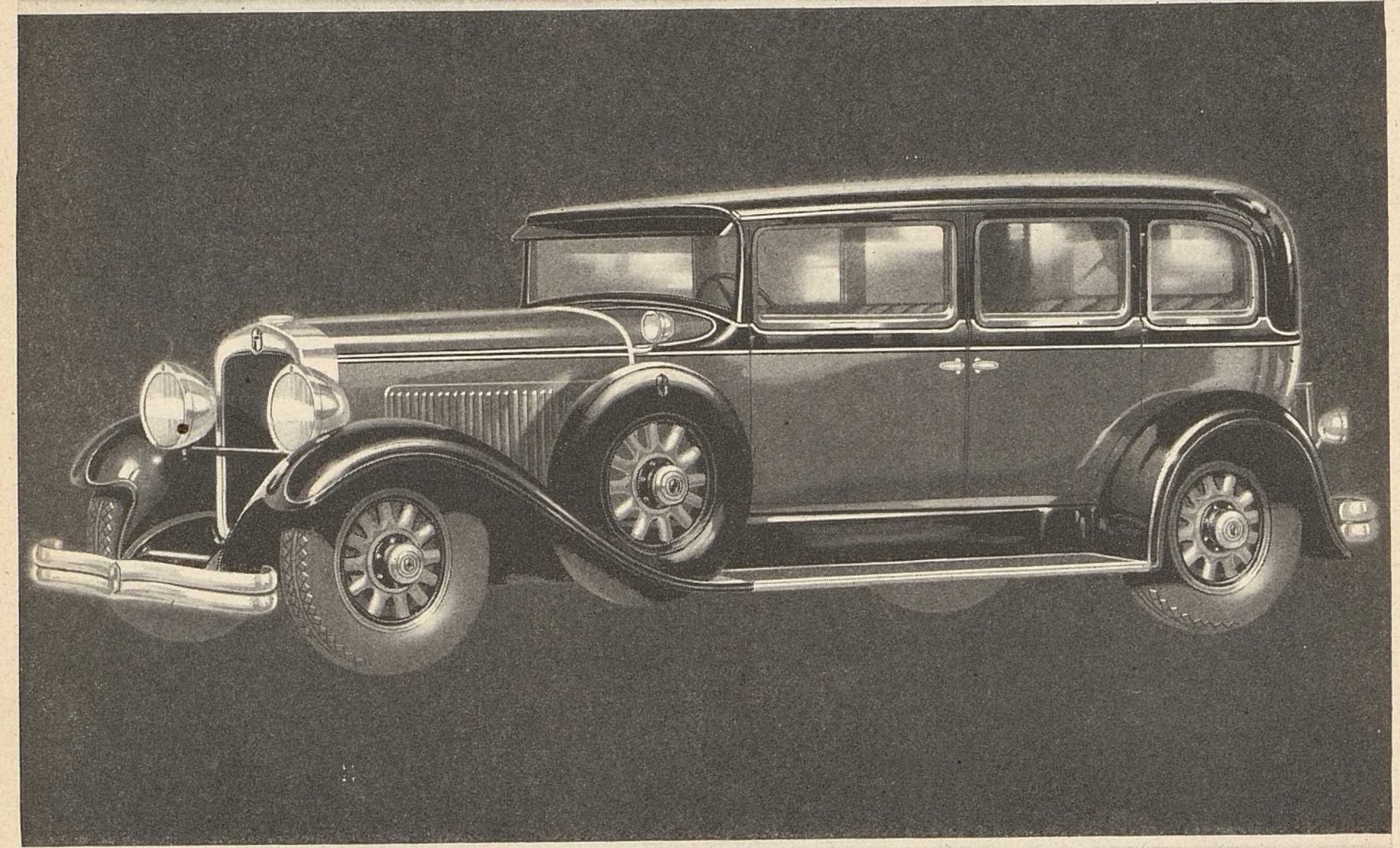

THE CAR WITH THE NEW TWIN IGNITION MOTOR

GREATER POWER - GREATER ECONOMY
GREATER SPEED

FEB. 2, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 4

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

TOLERANCE

Your attention is invited to two recent newspaper dispatches:

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29—The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton of New York, one of the nation's most ardent bone drys, and his son John, a law student, were halted by motorcycle policemen after a mile chase soon after 3 o'clock this morning,

Motorcycle Policemen Heide and Cunningham were patrolling the Bladensburg Road when an automobile whizzed by them at fifty miles an hour. When they had overtaken their quarry they found that the occupants of the car were Dr. Straton and his son. They admitted driving at an excessive rate of speed.

The minister asked the policemen, who charged the son with speeding, to permit the latter to deposit collateral at the nearest police station so they could continue on their way without detention. The policemen agreed and the son, after being booked and posting $10, was permitted to proceed.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2 (A. P.)—Approval of the provisions of the Michigan habitual criminal law, under which Mrs. Etta Mae Miller, mother of ten children, was sentenced to life imprisonment for selling liquor, was voiced today by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Executive Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Church.

Speaking before the Church's World Service Conference at Evanston, Dr. Wilson said:

"Our only regret is that the woman was not sentenced to life imprisonment before her ten children were born.

"When one has violated the Constitution four times, he or she is proved to be an habitual criminal and should be segregated from society to prevent the production of subnormal offspring."

Now, let's see how that stacks up.

The Rev. John Roach Straton, a famous and militant dry, believes that, having violated a certain law, he and his son should be permitted to "continue on their way without detention."

Dr. Clarence True Wilson, a famous and militant dry, believes that, having violated a certain law, a mother of ten children should be sent to prison for life.

It makes a difference what the law is, and who violates it.

We are frequently admonished as to the dignity of prohibition because it is the Law of the Land. Well, it is the law of the land that automobiles shall not be driven faster than is provided by the regulations of the communities in which they are driven.

It may seem to some that there are as many potentialities of danger to human life and well-being in driving a car at fifty miles an hour through the outskirts of Washington as in selling a pint of liquor, even four times, to a man who doesn't see why he isn't as right in drinking it as in having a cup of coffee.

But of course that isn't the point. Prohibition has some mystic quality about it that makes it an object of fanatic, inflexible zeal which sent people once to the stake and the torture chamber and now sends them to prison for life. Fast driving, it seems, is different.

We do not believe this way of thinking is a good thing for the United States. But we must say we rather like Dr. Straton for the mellow mood in which he said, in effect, "Aw, officer, have a heart."

If these reformer gentlemen's impact on human problems could be cushioned with a little kindliness, and maybe a little feeling of fallibility, some of said problems might be farther on the road to solution.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

February 2, 1929 LIBERTY Vol. 6, No. 4

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If you have any reason to feel that your teeth need treatment, see your dentist. Otherwise, do as he would have you do—brush your teeth twice a day with a safe dentifrice *that really cleans!* That, say leading dental authorities,* is the most that *you* can do to guard the natural loveliness of your teeth.

We asked dentists this question, "What kind of dentifrice will best safeguard the health and beauty of teeth?" Their answer was simple. "A dentifrice that really cleans. Put in as much cleansing power as possible and leave out drugs, strong antiseptics and harsh abrasives—they are unnecessary and sometimes dangerous."

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—and Only 25c

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***AUTHORITY—"The dentist of today believes that there is very little curative or medicinal value in the average dentifrice. The chief function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth . . ."**

From an interview with a leading dentist in Printers' Ink, December 20, 1928.

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Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream together with the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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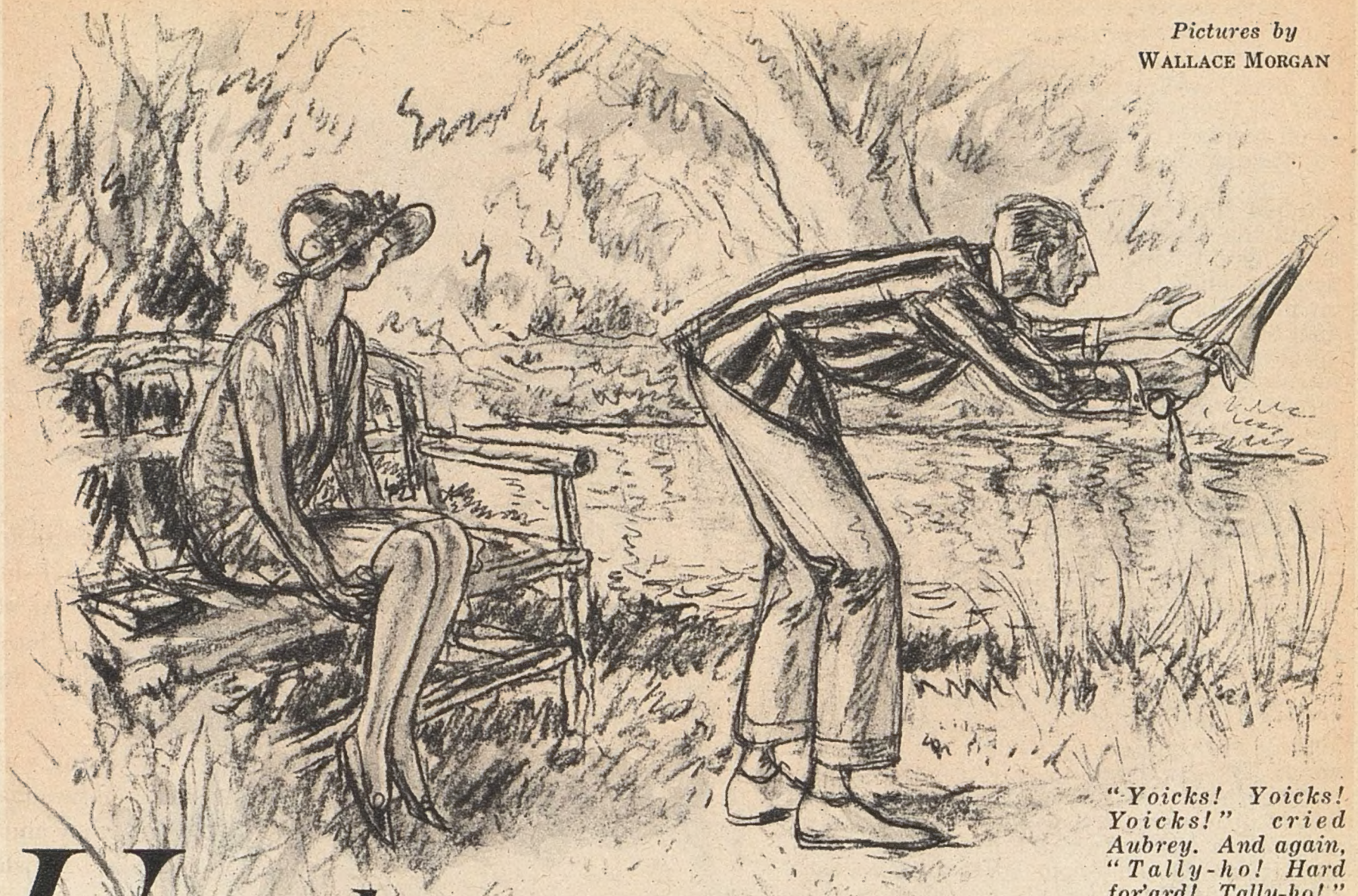


Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

"Yoicks! Yoicks! Yoicks!" cried Aubrey. And again, "Tally-ho! Hard for'ard! Tally-ho!"

Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court

A Story of Love Under Fire

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE poet who was spending the summer at the Anglers' Rest had just begun to read us his new sonnet sequence when the door of the bar parlor opened and there entered a young man in gaiters. He came quickly in and ordered beer.

In one hand he was carrying a double-barreled gun, in the other a posy of dead rabbits. These he dropped squashily to the floor; and the poet, stopping in mid-sentence, took one long, earnest look at the remains. Then, wincing painfully, he turned a light green and closed his eyes. It was not until the banging of the door announced the visitor's departure that he came to life again.

Mr. Mulliner regarded him sympathetically over his hot Scotch and lemon.

"You appear upset," he said.

"A little," admitted the poet. "A momentary malaise. It may be a purely personal prejudice, but I confess to preferring rabbits with rather more of their contents inside them."

"Many sensitive souls in your line of business hold similar views." Mr. Mulliner assured him. "My niece Charlotte did."

"It is my temperament," said the poet. "I dislike all dead things, particularly when, as in the case of the above rabbits, they have so obviously, so—shall I say?—blatantly made the Great Change. Give me," he went on, the greenish tinge fading from his face, "life and joy and beauty."

"Just what my niece Charlotte used to say."

"Oddly enough, that thought forms the theme of the second sonnet in my sequence, which, now that the young gentleman with the portable morgue has left us, I will . . ."

"My niece Charlotte," said Mr. Mulliner with quiet firmness, "was one of those gentle, dreamy, wistful girls who take what I have sometimes felt to be a mean advantage of having an ample private income to write Vignettes in Verse for the artistic weeklies.

"Charlotte's Vignettes in Verse had a wide vogue among the editors of London's higher-browed but less prosperous periodicals. Directly these frugal men realized that she was willing to supply unstinted Vignettes gratis, for the mere pleasure of seeing herself in print, they were all over her. The consequence was that before long she had begun to move freely in the most refined literary circles; and one day, at a little luncheon at the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[UNPLEASANTNESS AT BLUDLEIGH COURT]
Continued from page seven

Crushed Pansy (The Restaurant With A Soul), she found herself seated next to a godlike young man at the sight of whom something seemed to go off inside her like a spring."

"Talking of spring . . ." said the poet.

* * *

Cupid [proceeded Mr. Mulliner] has always found the family to which I belong a ready mark for his bow. Our hearts are warm, our passions quick. It is not too much to say that my niece Charlotte was in love with this young man before she had finished spearing the first anchovy out of the hors d'œuvre dish. He was intensely spiritual-looking, with a broad, white forehead. He wrote Pastels in Prose; and his name, if she had caught it correctly at their introduction, was Aubrey Trefusis.

Friendship ripens quickly at the Crushed Pansy. The *poulet rôti au cresson* had scarcely been distributed before the young man was telling Charlotte his hopes, his fears, and the story of his boyhood. And she was amazed to find that he sprang from a conventional county family of the type that cares for nothing except hunting and shooting.

"YOU can readily imagine," he said, helping her to Brussels sprouts, "how intensely such an environment jarred upon my unfolding spirit. My family are greatly respected in the neighborhood, but I personally have always looked upon them as a gang of blood-imbrued plug-uglies. My views on kindness to animals are rigid. My impulse, on encountering a rabbit, is to offer it lettuce. To my family, on the other hand, a rabbit seems incomplete without a deposit of small shot in it. My father, I believe, has cut off more assorted birds in their prime than any other man in the Midlands. A whole morning was spoiled for me last week by the sight of a photograph of him in the Tatler looking rather severely at a dying duck.

"My elder brother Reginald spreads destruction in every branch of the animal kingdom. And my younger brother Wilfred is, I understand, working his way up to the larger fauna by killing sparrows with an airgun. Spiritually, one might just as well live in Chicago as at Bludleigh Court."

"Bludleigh Court?" cried Charlotte.

"The moment I was twenty-one and came into a modest but sufficient inheritance, I left the place and went to London to lead the life literary. The family, of course, were appalled. My Uncle Francis, I remember, tried to reason with me for hours. Uncle Francis, you see, used to be a famous big-game hunter. They tell me he has shot more gnus than any other man who ever went to Africa. In fact, until recently he virtually never stopped shooting gnus. Now, I hear, he has developed lumbago and is down at Bludleigh, treating it with sun baths."

"But is Bludleigh Court your home?"

"That's right. Bludleigh Court, Lesser Bludleigh, near Goresby-on-the-Ouse, Bedfordshire."

"But Bludleigh Court belongs to Sir Alexander Bassinger."

"My name is really Bassinger. I adopted the pen name of Trefusis to spare the family's feelings. But how do you come to know of the place?"

"I'm going down there next week for a visit. My mother was an old friend of Lady Bassinger."

Aubrey was astonished. And being, like all writers of Pastels in Prose, a neat phrase maker, he said what a small world it was, after all.

"Well, well, well!" he said.

"From what you tell me," said Charlotte, "I'm afraid I shall not enjoy my visit. If there's one thing I loathe, it's anything connected with sport."

"It begins to look as if we were twin souls."

He snatched a cloth from the nearest table

"Yes, doesn't it?"

"Two minds with but a single thought."

"Yes."

"Look here," said Aubrey, "I'll tell you what. I haven't been near Bludleigh for years, but if you're going there, why, dash it, I'll come too—aye, even though it means meeting my Uncle Francis."

"You will?"

"I CERTAINLY will. I don't consider it safe that a girl of your exquisite refinement and sensibility should be dumped down at an abattoir like Bludleigh Court without a kindred spirit to lend her moral stability."

"What do you mean?"

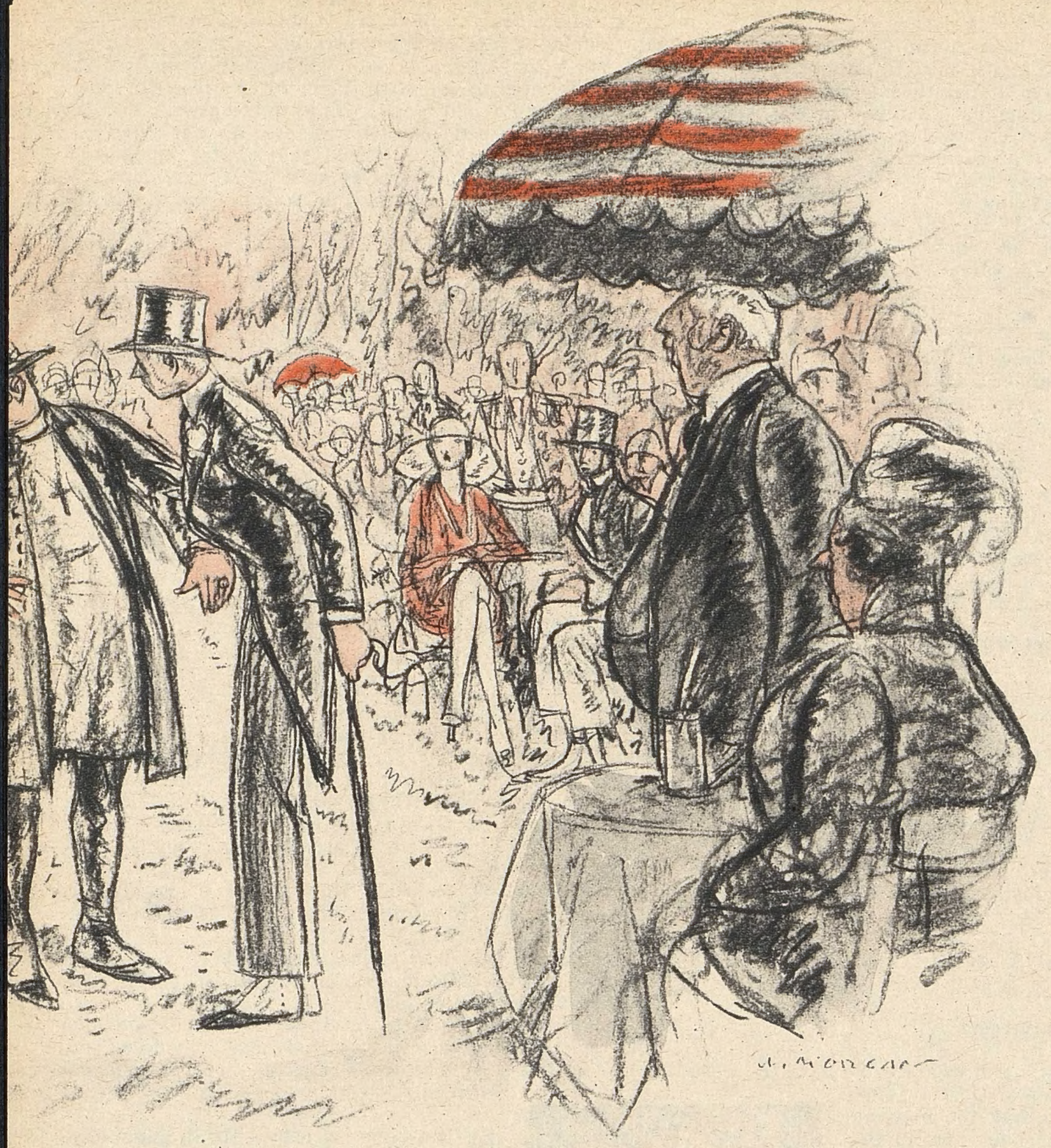
"I'll tell you." His voice was grave. "That house exercises a spell."

"A what?"

"A spell. A ghastly spell that saps the strongest humanitarian principles. Who knows what effect it might have upon you, should you go there without someone like me to stand by you and guide you in your hour of need?"

"What nonsense!"

"Well, all I can tell you is that once, when I was a boy, a high official of Our Dumb Brothers League of Mercy arrived there latish on a Friday night, and at two-fifteen on the Saturday afternoon he was the life and soul of an



nd him, and took refuge behind the Bishop of Stortford.

informal party got up for the purpose of drawing one of the local badgers out of an upturned barrel."

Charlotte laughed merrily.

"The spell will not affect me," she said.

"Nor me, of course," said Aubrey. "But, all the same, I would prefer to be by your side, if you don't mind."

"Mind, Mr. Bassinger!" breathed Charlotte softly, and was thrilled to note that at the words and the look with which she accompanied them this man to whom—for, as I say, we Mulliners are quick workers—she had already given her heart, quivered violently. It seemed to her that in those soulful eyes of his she had seen the love-light.

BLUDLEIGH COURT, when Charlotte reached it some days later, proved to be a noble old pile of Tudor architecture, situated in rolling parkland and flanked by pleasant gardens leading to a lake with a tree-fringed boathouse. Inside, it was comfortably furnished and decorated throughout with groves of glass cases containing the goggle-eyed remnants of birds and beasts assassinated at one time or another by Sir Alexander Bassinger and his son Reginald.

From every wall there peered down with an air of mild reproach selected portions of the gnus, moose, elks, zebus, antelopes, giraffes, mountain goats, and wapiti which had had the misfortune to meet Colonel Sir Francis Pashley-Drake before lumbago spoiled him for the chase. The cemetery also included a few stuffed sparrows, which showed that little Wilfred was doing his bit.

The first two days of her visit Charlotte passed mostly in the society of Colonel Pashley-Drake, the Uncle Francis to whom Aubrey had alluded. He seemed to have taken a paternal fancy to her; and, lithely though she dodged down back stairs and passages, she generally found him breathing heavily at her side. He was a red-faced, almost circular man with eyes like a prawn's, and he spoke to her freely of lumbago, gnus, and Aubrey.

"SO you're a friend of my young nephew?" he said, snorting twice. It was plain that he disapproved of the pastel artist. "Shouldn't see too much of him if I were you. Not the sort of fellow I'd like any daughter of mine to get friendly with."

"You are quite wrong," said Charlotte warmly. "You have only to gaze into Mr. Bassinger's eyes to see that his morals are above reproach."

"I never gaze into his eyes," replied Colonel Pashley-Drake. "Don't like his eyes. Wouldn't gaze into them if you paid me. I maintain his whole outlook on life is morbid and unwholesome. I like a man to be a clean, strong, upstanding Englishman who can look his gnu in the face and put an ounce of lead in it."

"Life," said Charlotte coldly, "is not all gnus."

"You imply that there are also wapiti, moose, zebus, and mountain goats?" said Sir Francis. "Well, maybe you're right. All the same, I'd give the fellow a wide berth if I were you."

"So far from doing so," replied Charlotte proudly, "I am about to go for a stroll with him by the lake at this very moment." And she moved off to meet Aubrey, who was hurrying toward her across the terrace.

"I am so glad you came, Mr. Bassinger," she said to him. "I was beginning to find your Uncle Francis a little excessive."

Aubrey nodded sympathetically.

"Two minutes of my Uncle Francis," he said, "is considered by the best judges a good medium dose for an adult. So you find him trying, eh? I was wondering what impression my family had made on you."

Charlotte was silent for a moment.

"How relative everything is in this world," she said pensively. "When I first met your father, I thought I had never seen anybody more completely loathsome. Then I was introduced to your brother Reginald, and I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[UNPLEASANTNESS AT BLUDLEIGH COURT]
Continued from page nine

realized that, after all, your father might have been considerably worse. And, just as I was thinking that Reginald was the furthest point possible, along came your Uncle Francis, and Reginald's quiet charm seemed to leap out at me like a beacon on a dark night. Tell me," she said, "has no one ever thought of doing anything about your Uncle Francis?"

Aubrey shook his head gently.

"It is pretty generally recognized now that he is beyond the reach of human science. The only thing to do seems to be to let him go till he eventually runs down."

They sat together on a rustic bench overlooking the water. The sun shone on the little wavelets which the sighing breeze drove gently to the shore. A dreamy stillness had fallen on the world, broken only by the distant sound of Sir Alexander Bassinger murdering magpies, of Reginald Bassinger encouraging dogs to eviscerate a rabbit, of Wilfred busy among the sparrows, and a monotonous droning noise from the upper terrace—which was Colonel Sir Francis Pashley-Drake telling Lady Bassinger what to do with the dead gnu.

AUBREY was the first to break the silence.

"How lovely the world is, Miss Mulliner."

"Yes, isn't it!"

"How softly the breeze caresses yonder water."

"Yes, doesn't it!"

"How fragrant a scent of wild flowers it has."

"Yes, hasn't it!"

They were silent again.

"On such a day," said Aubrey, "the mind seems to turn irresistibly to Love."

"Love?" said Charlotte, her heart beginning to flutter.

"Love," said Aubrey.

He took her hand. Her head was bent, and with the toe of her dainty shoe she toyed coyly with a passing snail.

"Life, Miss Mulliner," said Aubrey, "is a Sahara through which we all must pass. We start at the Cairo of the cradle and we go traveling on to the—er—well, we go traveling on."

"Yes, don't we!" said Charlotte.

"Afar we can see the distant goal . . ."

"Yes, can't we!"

". . . And would fain reach it."

"Yes, wouldn't we!"

"But the way is rough and weary. We have to battle through the sand storms of Destiny, face with what courage we may the howling simoons of Fate. But sometimes in the Sahara of Life, if we are fortunate, we come upon the Oasis of Love. That oasis, when I had all but lost hope, I reached at one-fifteen on the afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-second of last month. There comes a time in the life of every man when he sees Happiness beckoning to him and must grasp it. Miss Mulliner, I have something to ask you. Miss Mulliner . . . Charlotte . . . Will you be my . . . Gosh! Look at that whacking great rat! Loo-loo-loo-loo-loo-loo-loo-loo!" said Aubrey.

Once, in her childhood, a sportive playmate had secretly withdrawn the chair on which Charlotte Mulliner was preparing to seat herself. Years had passed, but the recollection of the incident remained green in her memory. In frosty weather she could still feel the old wound. And now, as Aubrey Bassinger suddenly behaved in this remarkable manner, she experienced the same sensation again.

She stared round-eyed at Aubrey. He had released her hand, sprung to his feet, and now, armed with her parasol, was beating furiously in the lush grass at the waterside. And every little while his mouth would open, his head would go back, and uncouth sounds would proceed from his slavering jaws.

"Yoicks! Yoicks! Yoicks!" cried Aubrey. And again, "Tally-ho! Hard for'ard! Tally-ho!"

Presently the fever seemed to pass. He straightened himself and came back to where she stood.

"It must have got away into a hole or something," he said, removing a bead of perspiration from his forehead with the ferrule of the parasol. "The fact of the matter is, it's silly ever to go out in the country without a good dog. If only I'd had a nice, nippy terrier with me, he might have obtained some solid results. As it is, a fine rat—gone—just like that! Oh, well, that's Life, I suppose." He paused. "Let me see," he said. "Where was I?"

And then it was as though he waked from a trance. His flushed face paled.

"I say," he stammered, "I'm afraid you must think me most awfully rude."

"Pray do not mention it," said Charlotte coldly.

"Oh, but you must. Dashing off like that."

"Not at all."

"What I was going to say, when I was interrupted, was, Will you be my wife?"

"Oh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I won't."

"You won't?"

"No. Never." Charlotte's voice was tense with a scorn which she did not attempt to conceal. "So this is what you were all the time, Mr. Bassinger—a secret sportsman!"

Aubrey quivered from head to foot.

"I'm not! I'm not! It was the hideous spell of this ghastly house that overcame me."

"Pah!"

"What did you say?"

"I said 'Pah!'" said Charlotte, with flashing eyes. "I do not believe you. Your story is thin and fishy."

"But it's the truth. It was as if some hypnotic influence had gripped me, forcing me to act against all my higher inclinations. Do you think," he cried passionately, "that the real Aubrey Bassinger would raise a hand to touch a rat, save in the way of kindness? I love rats, I tell you—love them. I used to keep them as a boy. White ones with pink eyes."

Charlotte shook her head. Her face was cold and hard.

"Good-by, Mr. Bassinger," she said. "From this instant we meet as strangers."

She turned and was gone. And Aubrey Bassinger, covering his face with his hands, sank on the bench, feeling like a sandbagged leper.

The mind of Charlotte Mulliner, in the days which followed the painful scene which I have just described, was torn, as you may well imagine, with conflicting emotions.

FOR a time, as was natural, anger predominated. But after a while sadness overcame indignation. She mourned for her lost happiness.

And yet, she asked herself, how else could she have acted? She had worshiped Aubrey Bassinger. She had set him upon a pedestal; looked up to him as a great white soul. She had supposed him one who lived, far above this world's coarseness and grime, on a rarefied plane of his own, thinking beautiful thoughts. Instead of which, it now appeared, he went about the place chasing rats with parasols. What could she have done but spurn him?

That there lurked in the atmosphere of Bludleigh Court a sinister influence that sapped the principles of the most humanitarian and sent them ravening to and fro, seeking for prey, she declined to believe. The theory was pure banana oil. If such an influence was in operation at Bludleigh, why had it not affected her?

No, if Aubrey Bassinger chased rats with parasols, it could only mean that he was one of nature's rat chasers. And to such a one, cost what it might to refuse, she could never confide her heart.

She would have given much to be able to leave Bludleigh Court at once. But there was, it seemed, to be a garden party on the following Tuesday, and Lady Bassinger had urged her so strongly to stay on for it that departure was out of the question.

A sharp, agonizing twinge caused him to break off abruptly.

To fill the leaden moments, she immersed herself in her work. She had a long-standing commission to supply the Animal-Lovers Gazette with a poem for its Christmas number, and to the task of writing this she proceeded to devote herself. And gradually the ecstasy of literary composition eased her pain. Eventually Tuesday came.

Lady Bassinger's annual garden party was one of the big events of the countryside. By 4 o'clock all that was bravest and fairest for miles around had assembled on the big lawn. But Charlotte, though she had stayed on specially to be present, was not one of the gay throng. At about the time when the first strawberry was being dipped in its cream, she was up in her room, staring with bewildered eyes at a letter which had arrived by the second post.

The Animal-Lovers Gazette had turned her poem down! Yes, turned it down flat, in spite of the fact that it had been commissioned and that she was not asking a penny for it.

Accompanying the rejected manuscript was a curt note from the editor in which he said that he feared its tone might offend his readers.

Charlotte was stunned. She was not accustomed to having her efforts rejected. This one, moreover, had seemed to her so particularly good.

A hard judge of her own work, she had said to herself, as she licked the envelope, that this time, if never before, she had delivered the goods.

She unfolded the manuscript and re-read it.

It ran as follows:

GOOD GNUS

(A Vignette in Verse)

by

CHARLOTTE MULLINER

When cares attack and life seems black,
How sweet it is to pot a yak
  Or puncture hares and grizzly bears
    And others I could mention;
But in my Animals Who's Who
No name stands higher than the Gnu;
  And each new gnu that comes in view
    Receives my prompt attention.

When Afric's sun is sinking low,
And shadows wander to and fro,
  And everywhere there's in the air
    A hush that's deep and solemn,
Then is the time good men and true
With View Haloo pursue the gnu
  (The safest spot to put your shot
    Is through the spinal column).

To take the creature by surprise
We must adopt some rude disguise,
  Although deceit is never sweet
    And falsehoods don't attract us;
So, as with gun in hand you wait,
Remember to impersonate
  A tuft of grass, a mountain pass,
    A kopje, or a cactus.

A brief suspense, and then at last
The waiting's o'er, the vigil past.
  A careful aim. A spurt of flame.
    It's done. You've pulled the trigger,
And one more gnu, so fair and frail,
Has handed in its dinner pail
  (The females are all rather small,
    The males are somewhat bigger).

Charlotte laid the manuscript down, frowning. What did the editor mean about the tone being likely to offend? She had never heard such nonsense in her life. How could the tone possibly offend? It was unexceptionable.

The whole poem breathed that clean, wholesome, healthy spirit of Sport which has made England what it is. And the thing was not only lyrically perfect, but educational as well. It told the young reader, anxious to shoot gnus but uncertain of the correct procedure, exactly what he wanted to know.

She bit her lip. Well, if this Animal-Lovers bird didn't know a red-hot contribution when he saw one, she would jolly well find somebody else who did—and quick too. She . . .

At this moment something occurred to distract her thoughts. Down on the terrace below, little Wilfred, complete with airgun, had come into her line of vision. The boy was creeping along in a quiet, purposeful manner, obviously intent on the chase; and it suddenly came over Charlotte Mulliner in a wave that here she had been in this house all this time and never once had thought of borrowing the child's weapon and having a plug at something with it.

The sky was blue. The sun was shining. All nature seemed to call to her to come out and kill things.

She left the room and ran quickly down the stairs.

And what of Aubrey, meanwhile? Grief having slowed him up on his feet, he had been cornered by his mother and marched off to hand cucumber sandwiches at the garden party. After a brief spell of servitude, however, he had contrived to escape and was wandering on the terrace, musing mournfully, when he observed his brother Wilfred approaching. And at the same moment Charlotte Mulliner emerged from the house and came hurrying in their direction.

In a flash Aubrey perceived that here was a situation

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[UNPLEASANTNESS AT BLUDLEIGH COURT
Continued from page eleven]

which, shrewdly handled, could be turned greatly to his advantage. Affecting to be unaware of Charlotte's approach, he stopped his brother and eyed the young thug sternly.

"Wilfred," he said, "where are you going with that gun?"

The boy appeared embarrassed.

"Just shooting."

Aubrey took the weapon from him and raised his voice slightly. Out of the corner of his eye he had seen that Charlotte was now well within hearing.

"Shooting, eh?" he said. "Shooting? I see. And have you never been taught, wretched child, that you should be kind to the animals that crave your compassion? Has no one ever told you that he prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small? For shame, Wilfred, for shame!"

Charlotte had come up and was standing there, looking at them inquiringly.

"What's all this about?" she asked.

Aubrey started dramatically.

"MISS MULLINER! I was not aware that you were there. All this? Oh, nothing. I found this lad here on his way to shoot sparrows with his airgun, and I am taking the thing from him. It may seem to you a high-handed action on my part. You may consider me hypersensitive. You may ask, Why all this fuss about a few birds? But this is Aubrey Bassinger. Aubrey Bassinger will not lightly allow even the merest sparrow to be placed in jeopardy. Tut, Wilfred," he said. "Tut! Cannot you see now how wrong it is to shoot the poor sparrows?"

"But I wasn't going to shoot sparrows," said the boy. "I was going to shoot Uncle Francis while he is having his sun bath."

"It is also wrong," said Aubrey, after a slight hesitation, "to shoot Uncle Francis while he is having his sun bath."

Charlotte Mulliner uttered an impatient exclamation. And Aubrey, looking at her, saw that her eyes were glittering with a strange light. She breathed quickly through her delicately chiseled nose. She seemed feverish, and a medical man would have been concerned about her blood pressure.

"Why?" she demanded vehemently. "Why is it wrong? Why shouldn't he shoot his Uncle Francis while he is having his sun bath?"

Aubrey stood for a moment, pondering. After all, now that she put it like that, why not?

"Think how it would tickle him up."

"True," said Aubrey, nodding. "True."

"And his Uncle Francis is precisely the sort of man who ought to have been shot at with airguns incessantly for the last thirty years. The moment I met him, I said to myself, 'That man ought to be shot at with airguns.'"

Aubrey nodded again. Her girlish enthusiasm had begun to infect him.

"There is much in what you say," he admitted.

"Where is he?" asked Charlotte, turning to the boy.

"On the roof of the boathouse."

Charlotte's face clouded.

"H'm!" she said. "That's awkward. How is one to get at him?"

"I remember Uncle Francis telling me once," said Aubrey, "that, when you went shooting tigers, you climbed a tree. There are plenty of trees by the boathouse."

"Admirable!"

For an instant there came to disturb Aubrey's hearty joy in the chase a brief, faint flicker of prudence.

"But . . . I say . . . Do you really think . . . Ought we . . . ?"

Charlotte's eyes flashed scornfully.

"Infirm of purpose," she said, "give me the airgun!"

"I was only thinking . . . ."

"Well?"

"I suppose you know he'll have practically nothing on?"

Charlotte Mulliner laughed lightly.

"He can't intimidate *me*," she said. "Come! Let us be going."

Up on the roof of the boathouse, the beneficent ultra-violet rays of the afternoon sun pouring down on his globular surface, Colonel Sir Francis Pashley-Drake lay in that pleasant half-waking, half-dreaming state that accompanies this particular form of lumbago treatment.

His mind flitted lightly from one soothing subject to another. He thought of elks he had shot in Canada, of moufflon he had shot in the Grecian Archipelago, of giraffes he had shot in Nigeria. He was just on the point of thinking of a hippopotamus which he had shot in Egypt, when the train of his meditations was interrupted by a soft popping sound not far away. He smiled affectionately. So little Wilfred was out with his airgun, eh?

A thrill of quiet pride passed through Colonel Pashley-Drake. He had trained the lad well, he felt. With a garden party in progress, with all the opportunities it offered for quiet gorging, how many boys of Wilfred's age would have neglected their shooting to hang round the tea table and stuff themselves with cakes? But this fine lad . . .

Ping! There it was again. The boy must be somewhere quite close at hand. He wished he could be at his side, giving him kindly advice. Wilfred, he felt, was a young fellow after his own heart. What destruction he would spread among the really worth-while animals when he grew up and put aside childish things and exchanged his airgun for a Winchester repeater.

Sir Francis Pashley-Drake started. Two inches from where he lay a splinter of wood had sprung from the boathouse roof. He sat up, feeling a little less affectionate.

"Wilfred!"

There was no reply.

"Be careful, Wilfred, my boy. You nearly . . ."

A sharp, agonizing twinge caused him to break off abruptly. He sprang to his feet and began to address the surrounding landscape passionately in one of the lesser known dialects of the Congo basin. He no longer thought of Wilfred with quiet pride. Few things so speedily modify an uncle's love as a nephew's airgun bullet in the fleshy part of the leg. Sir Francis Pashley-Drake no longer desired to stand beside him through his formative years, teaching him the secrets of shikari. All he wanted to do was to get close enough to teach him with the flat of his right hand to be a bit more careful where he pointed his gun.

HE was expressing a synopsis of these views in a mixture of Urdu and Cape Dutch, when the words were swept from his lips by the sight of a woman's face, peering from the branches of a near-by tree.

Colonel Pashley-Drake reeled where he stood. Like so many outdoor men, he was the soul of modesty. Once, in Bechuanaland, he had left a native witch dance in a marked manner because he considered the chief's third supplementary wife insufficiently clad. An acute consciousness of the sketchiness of his costume overcame him. He blushed brightly.

"My dear young lady . . ." he stammered.

He had got thus far when he perceived that the young woman was aiming at him something that looked remarkably like an airgun. Her tongue protruding thoughtfully from the corner of her mouth, she had closed one eye and with the other was squinting tensely along the barrel.

Colonel Sir Francis Pashley-Drake did not linger. In all England there was probably no man more enthusiastic about shooting; but the fascination of shooting as a sport depends almost wholly on whether you are at the right or wrong end of the gun.

With an agility which no gnu, unless in the very pink of condition, could have surpassed, he sprang to the side of the roof and leaped off. There was a clump of reeds not far from the boathouse. He galloped across the turf and dived into them.

Charlotte descended from her tree. Her expression was petulant. Girls nowadays are spoiled and only too readily become peevish when balked of their pleasures.

"I had no idea he was so nippy," she said.

"A quick mover," agreed Aubrey. "I imagine he got that way from dodging rhinoceroses."

"Why can't they make these silly guns with two barrels? A single barrel doesn't give a girl a chance."

Nestling among the reeds, Colonel Sir Francis Pashley-Drake, in spite of the indignation natural to a man in his position, could not help feeling a certain complacency. The old woodcraft of the hunter had stood him, he felt, in good stead.

He was aware of voices close by.

"What do we do now?" he heard Charlotte Mulliner say.

"We must think," said the voice of his nephew Aubrey.

"He's in there somewhere."

"Yes."

"I hate to see a fine head like that get away," said Charlotte, and her voice was still querulous, "especially after I winged him. The very next poem I write is going to be an appeal to airgun manufacturers to use their intelligence, if they have any, and turn out a line with two barrels."

"I shall write a Pastel in Prose on the same subject," agreed Aubrey.

"Well, what shall we do?"

There was a short silence. An insect of unknown species crept up Colonel Pashley-Drake and bit him in the small of the back.

"I'll tell you what," said Aubrey. "I remember Uncle Francis mentioning to me once that when wounded zebus take cover by the reaches of the Lower Zambezi, the sportsman dispatches a native assistant to set fire to . . ."

Sir Francis Pashley-Drake emitted a hollow groan. It was drowned by Charlotte's cry of delight.

"Why, of course! How clever you are, Mr. Bassinger."

"Oh, no," said Aubrey modestly.

"Have you matches?"

"I have a cigarette lighter."

"Then would it be bothering you too much to go and set light to those reeds?—about there would be a good place—and I'll wait here with the gun."

"I should be charmed."

"I hate to trouble you."

"No trouble, I assure you," said Aubrey. "A pleasure."

THREE minutes later the revelers on the lawn were interested to observe a sight rare at the better class of English garden party. Out of a clump of laurel bushes that bordered the smoothly mown turf there came charging a stout, pink gentleman of middle age who hopped from side to side as he ran. He was wearing a loin cloth and seemed in a hurry.

They had just time to recognize in this newcomer their host's brother, Colonel Sir Francis Pashley-Drake, when he snatched a cloth from the nearest table, draped it round him, and with a quick leap took refuge behind the portly form of the Bishop of Stortford, who was talking to the local Master of Hounds about the difficulty he had in keeping his vicars off the incense.

Charlotte and Aubrey had paused in the shelter of the laurels. Aubrey clicked his tongue regretfully.

"He's taken cover again," he said. "I'm afraid we shall find it difficult to dig him out of there. He's gone to earth behind a bishop."

Receiving no reply, he turned.

"Miss Mulliner!" he exclaimed. "Charlotte! What is the matter?"

A strange change had come over the girl's beautiful face since he had last gazed at it. The fire had died out of those lovely eyes, leaving them looking like those of a newly awakened somnambulist. She was pale, and the tip of her nose quivered.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"Bludleigh Manor, Lesser Bludleigh, Goresby-on-the-Ouse, Bedfordshire. Telephone, 28 Goresby," said Aubrey quickly.

"Have I been dreaming? Or did I really . . . Ah, yes, yes!" she moaned, shuddering violently. "It all comes back to me. I shot Sir Francis with the airgun!"

"YOU certainly did," said Aubrey, and would have gone on to comment with warm approbation on the skill she had shown, a skill which—in an untrained novice—had struck him as really remarkable. But he checked himself.

"Surely," he said, "you are not letting the fact disturb you? It's the sort of thing that might have happened to anyone."

She interrupted him.

"How right you were, Mr. Bassinger, to warn me against the spell of Bludleigh. And how wrong I was to blame you for borrowing my parasol to chase a rat. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Charlotte!"

"Aubrey!"

"Charlotte!"

"Hush!" she said. "Listen."

On the lawn, Sir Francis Pashley-Drake was telling his story to an enthralled audience. The sympathy of the meeting, it was only too plain, was entirely with him. This shooting of a sitting sun bather had stirred the feelings of his hearers deeply. Indignant exclamations came faintly to the ears of the young couple in the laurels:

"Most irregular!"

"Not done!"

"Scarcely cricket!"

And then, from Sir Alexander Bassinger, a stern "I shall require a full explanation."

Charlotte turned to Aubrey.

"What shall we do?"

"Well," said Aubrey, reflecting, "I don't think we had better just go and join the party and behave as if nothing had happened. The atmosphere doesn't seem right. What I would propose is that we take a short cut through the fields to the station, hook up with the five-fifty express at Goresby, go to London, have a bit of dinner, get married, and . . ."

"Yes, yes," cried Charlotte. "Take me away from this awful house."

"To the ends of the world," said Aubrey fervently. He paused. "Look here," he said suddenly. "If you move over to where I'm standing you get the old boy plumb spang against the sky-line. You wouldn't care for just one last . . ."

"No, no!"

"Merely a suggestion," said Aubrey. "Ah, well, perhaps you're right. Then let's be shifting."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Rex Beach's

first story for LIBERTY—a tale of a man who thought his wife was tired of him.

It's called

The Lie Doctor

REX BEACH

ALSO

Why I Married Three Times

A searching bit of autobiography

by AVERY STRAKOSCH

and fiction by

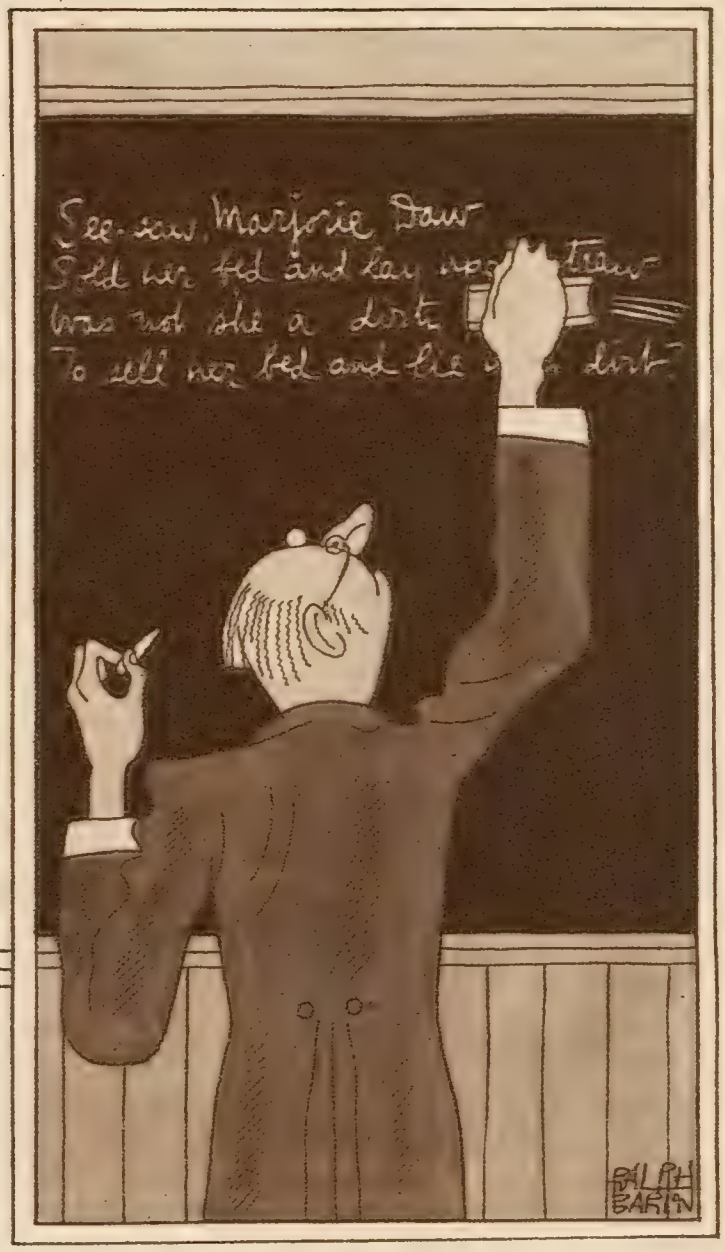
PHYLLIS DUGANNE EDWARD DOHERTY
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HOW TO GET ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPERS WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT WITH ONE'S LIFE: have a love affair by radio with a lady on Mars.



THE BOSTON CENSORS, having cleansed the Harvard dramatic productions, turn their attention to Mother Goose rhymes in the common schools.

AMERICAN OBSERVER IN BERLIN studying the effects of the new prohibition order on members of the Reichstag with a view to inaugurating the same scheme in Congress.

ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOGRAPHS in New York show expression of injured indignation since Commissioner Whalen began arresting men merely because they are criminals.

Of such things as dreams are made of

There is one candy we prefer above all others on a winter's evening when lights are low and all is cold outside. It is a simple, homey candy that inspires dreams of home-like things and makes a cozy cottage seem the most desirable of fairy castles. Munching its nut-brown goodness, one talks more freely — talks of books and plays and places to be seen—and, then, perhaps, of honeymoons. And after awhile, when the last delicious slice of Baby Ruth is gone, one goes home, dreaming still.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY CHICAGO
OTTO SCHNERING, Presid.

A one pound Family Package to make your evenings friendlier at 40c; or in handy individual packets . . . . 5¢

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GRAHAM
PAIGE

Abreast of the Times

Four Speeds Forward—*Standard* Gear Shift

Owners, after many months' experience with the Graham-Paige four-speed transmission, enthusiastically endorse its performance. Fourth, used most of the time, gives a new smoothness and swiftness — third, a quiet internal gear, provides rapid acceleration in traffic, and up steep hills. The gear shift is *standard.* You start in second—first, in reserve, is seldom used. A six or eight, with the *new* refinements and improvements, is at your disposal.

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GRAHAM-PAIGE

The Mystery of the Broadway Butterfly

NO detective story ever was so engrossing as a murder that actually took place in New York City about 7 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, March 15, 1923. For your entertainment I shall now narrate the amazing story of the unsolved murder of Dot King.

John Keenan and his wife Catherine were born in Ireland. Soon after their arrival in this country John went to work as a watchman at Wanamaker's New York City department store, and Catherine got a job as laundress in several apartment buildings in Central Park West.

Four children were born to the couple. The eldest became Mrs. Helen Whitson. John became a truck driver for the American Express Company, and Francis drove a taxicab. From their combined wages and savings a laundry was opened by Mrs. Keenan near the corner of 100th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. The father died in March, 1921.

In 1894 Anna Marie Keenan was born. In due time she attended neighborhood schools, but soon tired of her studies and went to work in the laundry. At eighteen years of age she was an extraordinarily beautiful girl, with fair wavy hair and blue eyes and a lovely skin and an exquisite figure.

In 1912 she married Eugene Oppel, a chauffeur who lived in Little Falls, New York. After a year or two they separated, and soon Anna Marie left the parental rooftree and became a model in a dressmaking house where she received $25 a week. In October, 1922, she divorced Oppel under the Enoch Arden law.

In her new job Anna Marie changed her name to Dorothy Keenan. So fascinating was she that her employers had her entertain visiting buyers. She was wined and dined and introduced to the night life of Broadway. She lived at the Great Northern Hotel.

In this new sphere she met a woman known only as Marie. Marie picked up attractive young girls and educated them in the wiles and seductions indispensable in the practice of gold-digging.

"What you need, dearie," quoth Marie to her apt recruit, "is two things: a new name and a heavy sugar papa. Hereafter you're Dorothy King, or, better still, Dot King. What a knockout that moniker'll be, dearie! And now we'll step out and connect with your new daddy."

Jack Lannigan, head waiter at Reisenweber's Café until Volstead snapped a padlock on it, was Dot's first daddy. Jack ran night clubs and other resorts, and he installed his new mistress as hostess. Because of his tutelage and her own wit and charm, Dot was soon one of the best sucker baits on the street of sin and gin. She gathered plenty plunder from her paramour's customers, and the years galloped by.

The procession of men reviewed by Dot King during these years contained many interesting characters. Not the least prominent was Draper M. Daugherty, son of Harry M. Daugherty of noxious memory as attorney general in President Harding's cabinet and captain of the Ohio gang. Young Daugherty had served at a couple of army camps in this country and in France.

This is a good place to interject the fact that in 1917 E. R. Squibb & Sons made 50,000 bottles of chloroform for the army. The anæsthetic was put up in bottles of a peculiar shape—no bottles like them were made before or have been since. These 50,000 bottles were sent to several army camps, among them the ones where Draper had served, and to the army base in France where he was assigned.

EARLY in 1922 Dot King met a sugar daddy of the first magnitude. She and Marie were having tea in one of New York's most famous taverns, the old Brevoort Hotel on lower Fifth Avenue. Dot's lively gaze discovered the ruddy face of a short, stocky man about fifty years of age. Dot smiled. The stranger smiled. Dot nodded. The gray-haired man and his companion moved over to the other table.

"How do you do?" said the stocky man. "I'm Mr. Marshall, John Marshall, of Boston. I'm a manufacturer, here on a business trip. This is my secretary, John Wilson."

The women murmured their names, and after a time Marie went her way and Wilson his way, and Marshall and Dot proceeded to make a night of it. They ended their pilgrimage in Dot's suite at the Great Northern Hotel.

We can shorten this chapter, so obvious is its development. Marshall wanted a more secluded love nest, so he told Dot to move into a studio apartment and he would pay the bills. Dot found an ideal little nest on the top floor of a five-story building at No. 144 West Fifty-seventh Street.

No. 144 had once been separate from No. 146. But when the former private dwellings had been altered into studio apartments, the two buildings had been joined.

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of Ten Real Life Mysteries

THE Mystery of the Broadway Butterfly is the second of a series of ten stories of celebrated, never solved detective problems. The first, The Mystery of the Bridge Whist Expert, appeared in last week's LIBERTY.

Since everybody is a detective at heart, it has occurred to the publishers of this magazine that interest in the stories—most of which will be told in this series from beginning to end for the first time—may be pleasantly heightened by offering cash prizes for the best feats of detective reasoning.

LIBERTY therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, figure out who committed the murder, and mail your solution to me in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to LIBERTY. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply telling who you think did the killing, and why you think so.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine. SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.

Or, Who Killed Dot King?

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

That is, an elevator had been installed in No. 144; doors had been cut through the separating walls, and halls put in; and No. 144 and No. 146 were now practically one apartment house.

Except that the doorway of No. 146 was now used only as an exit (since it had no elevator) and tenants used the stairs in No. 146 only to reach the street. Entering at No. 144, they took the elevator to their floors and passed down the halls to their suites in either building. Thus, a person could leave his rooms at either address, descend the stairs of No. 146, and reach the street without using the elevator, or, indeed, being seen by the elevator operator.

DOT'S apartment consisted of a living room, a bedroom and bath, and a tiny kitchenette whose one window opened on a great space above the back yards. Only by a dangerous maneuver could one reach that window from the fire escape in the rear of No. 146. It was practically impossible to enter or leave the apartment except through the hall door.

Dot engaged a maid, a respectable colored woman named Ella Bradford, though everybody called her Billy. Billy came to work about 11 o'clock each morning, and remained until dismissed for the night. She had a good job,

Picture by Kenneth Fuller Camp

Dot was soon one of the best sucker baits on the street of sin and gin.

a pleasant one, and she was loyal to her good-natured, generous mistress.

Marshall had the foresight to make his visits appear innocent. He never went to Dot's quarters unaccompanied by Wilson. Wilson would stay a while and depart, leaving the pair to their own fancies. Thus, if detected,

N. Y. World photo

Dot King.

Marshall could blandly say that Miss King was seeking his advice in business matters, and, accompanied by his secretary, he had dropped in to advise her.

Marshall could not often be with Dot, or stay long when he did call. This satisfied Dot, because she had other playmates besides Draper Daugherty and Mr. Marshall. There were Albert Guimares, and Hilda Ferguson, and numerous other boys and girls who used the apartment. Indeed, Hilda, a blonde show girl, became a roommate until the pair quarreled, as you shall see.

Guimares was a swarthy Porto Rican, a lounge lizard, a "gigolo." He had met Dot a year or so before, and she had immediately become infatuated with him. He had been indicted by a Boston grand jury for handling fake stocks and bonds, and was then a fugitive. Later, when he was apprehended and fought extradition, Dot put up the $2,500 bond he needed.

Guimares lived at the Embassy Hotel, and he was a brutal lover. He took Dot's money, her jewelry, her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE BROADWAY BUTTERFLY]
Continued from page nineteen

caresses, and he repaid her with beatings and boasts of other conquests on Broadway.

We now have most of the characters in our little plot properly identified—all save two, none other than Mr. Marshall of Boston and his secretary, Mr. Wilson. The truth came out inadvertently. One day they were at their favorite table in the Brevoort when a page called, "Mr. Mitchell. Telegram for Mr. J. Kearsley Mitchell."

Automatically, Mr. Marshall beckoned to the boy. Then, realizing what he had done, he turned ruefully to Dot and explained.

J. Kearsley Mitchell, a Princeton alumnus, a clubman of Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Newport, and Palm Beach, had long strolled in the nation's most exclusive circles. On January 9, 1909, he had married Frances B. Stotesbury, the daughter of Edward B. Stotesbury, Philadelphia capitalist and partner of J. P. Morgan.

With his wife and their three children, Mitchell lived in a palatial home, Red Rose Manor, at Rosemont, twenty miles from Philadelphia. He was president of the Philadelphia Rubber Works Company, and a director and stockholder in a dozen other mammoth corporations.

Dot was a sensible mistress. She promised him secrecy, and, in truth, she kept his name *sub rosa*, as well as the real name of Mr. Wilson, the secretary, who was John H. Jackson, a well known New York lawyer and Mitchell's private attorney. In only one person is Dot King known to have confided—in Billy, the maid. She may have told Guimares.

Shortly after Mitchell identified himself, Dot began to be swamped with demands that she help blackmail her patron. Billy testified that the girl was tormented by the would-be extortioner. Not only was Mitchell, in the circumstances, wide open and helpless before a blackmailer, but he had written numerous ardent letters to Dot. She kept these letters carefully concealed. But the blackmailer knew of them and he threatened the girl if she would not further his schemes.

MEANWHILE, Mitchell was lavish in his gifts. He gave Dot more than $10,000 in cash in their year together; he paid all her bills; he gave her nearly $15,000 in jewelry, a yellow sport roadster, and beautiful furs and frocks. Shocked by her illiteracy, he hired a professor named O'Leary to teach her English. Dot took a lesson or two, but one morning she chased the professor out of the flat.

Guimares, however, profited even more than Dot did. Dot gave him a $1,300 platinum and blue enamel watch, a $700 fur overcoat, $35 Oriental silk pajamas, and much cash. With her money he opened a brokerage office under the name of King & Scott. After Dot was killed he was found wearing diamond cuff links that Mitchell had given Dot and she had given him.

From March 6 to March 10, 1923, Dot King was in Atlantic City with an unidentified man. When she returned to New York, three things happened.

First, she found that Hilda Ferguson had tossed a notable party in their flat, and had permitted a guest to put on one of Dot's gowns. In the quarrel that followed, Hilda taunted Dot about her "mulatto lover," and Dot became furious at this allusion to her Porto Rican. She threw Hilda out of the apartment.

Secondly, Billy overheard the importunities, both face to face and by telephone, of the blackmailer. "If you don't kick in, some day, by God, I'll toss you!" snarled the man. "We can make a real killing with this prize sap. All we need is a couple of them letters—and, by God, you'd better come across!"

Dot refused to give up the letters. Indeed, the day before she died she told her masseuse: "I'll never stand for blackmailing my sugar daddy."

Third, Dot received a note from Mitchell, written in the Stotesbury mansion at Palm Beach, where he and his wife were spending the winter. This note reached Dot several days before the tragedy, and a week or so later the police gave out this excerpt from it:

"Darling Dottie: Only two days before I will be in your arms. I want to see you, O, so much, and to kiss your pretty pink toes."

On Wednesday, March 14, Mitchell telephoned Dot he would be up for luncheon. He and Jackson came at noon and Jackson left a little later. The luncheon was a merry one. After Mitchell left, promising to return at 7:30 to take her to dinner, Billy heard Dot call up the Embassy Hotel and speak to Guimares.

"Daddy has been more than generous," she said. "Do you know what he brought me, Babe? A $1,000 Liberty bond, $500 in cash, and the most marvelous jade and diamond bracelet you ever saw, from Cartier's."

Billy then heard them quarreling, with Dot tearfully refusing to acquiesce in whatever command Guimares was giving her.

AT 7:30 o'clock Mitchell and Jackson went to the apartment. The colored elevator operator, John Thomas, said later that the three came down in a few minutes and went away in a cab. A little later Billy went home.

At midnight, Thomas took Mitchell and Dot and Jackson to the top floor. Soon Jackson departed, leaving Mitchell upstairs.

At 11:30 o'clock next morning Billy Bradford let herself in with her key. On the floor of the small reception hall she saw two rumpled fur coats. She went into the living room. The bedroom door, usually closed, was open. Surprised, she called out, "Miss Dot!" There was no answer.

Entering the bedroom she saw her mistress in a strange position. Dot lay on her left side, her bobbed blonde head partly buried under a pillow. Her right hand, fingers curved as claws, hung over the edge of the bed. Her left arm was twisted back under her body and up toward her shoulders, as if by a wrestler's hammerlock, the fingers of that hand also stiffly clutching. The right foot protruded, and a sheet had been carelessly drawn across the middle of her body, the white nightgown having been disarrayed.

The dishevelled state of the bed, and the surprising condition of the whole apartment, topsy-turvy and ransacked, alarmed the maid. She called the girl's name several times, and finally touched the exposed foot. It was cold.

She then thrust her hand down under the right shoulder and arm and felt the bosom. It was noticeably warm.

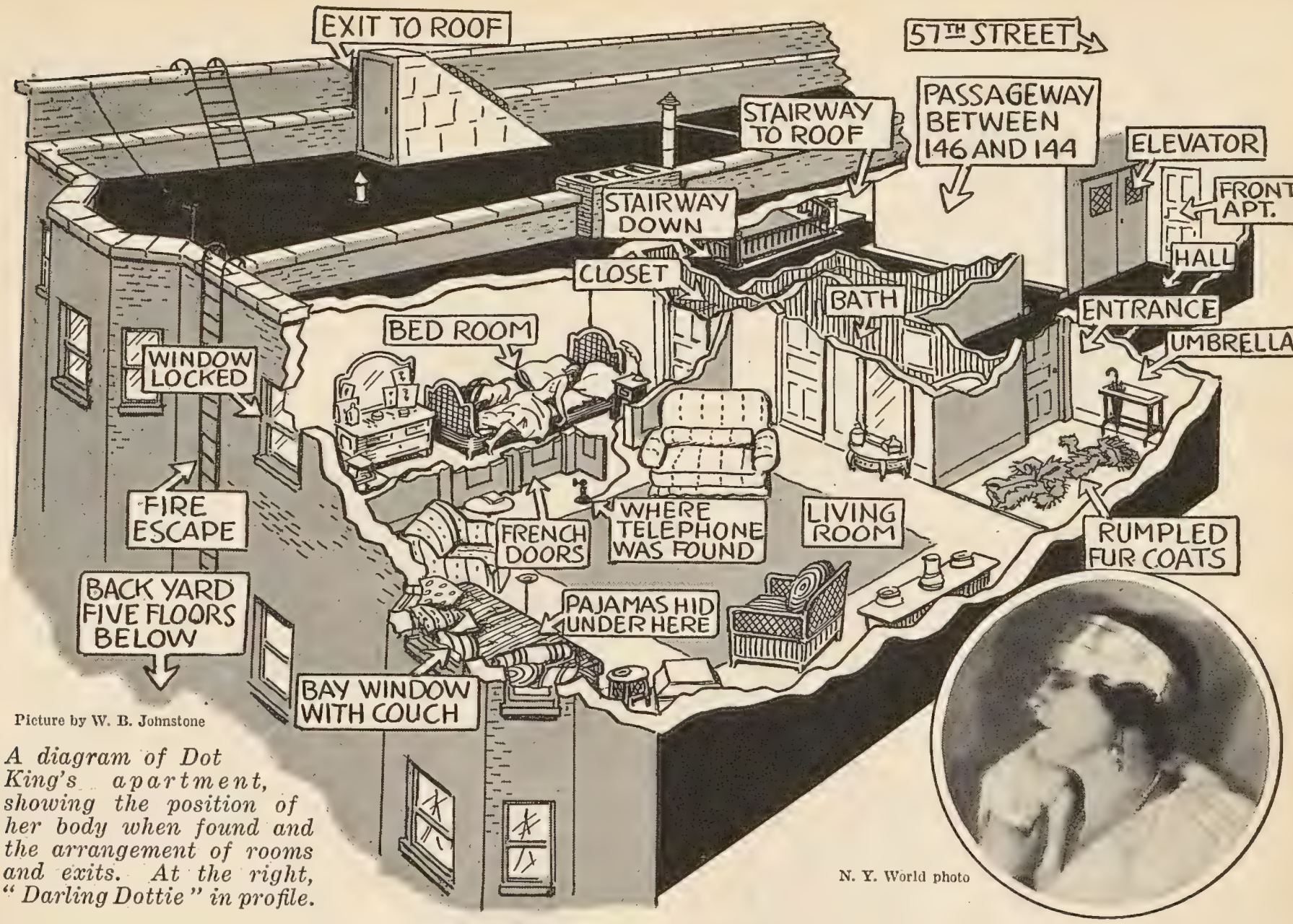
Standing thus close, Billy observed several discolorations on the right cheek and the faintly perceptible odor of a drug.

Dot King was dead.

Billy ran to the street. She saw Patrolman Kelleher and told him. They went upstairs. The policeman verified the death and then looked for the telephone. Instead of its standing in its place on the little bedside table, someone had picked it up, carried it the full length of its cord, and placed it on the living room floor just outside the bedroom door.

P. & A. photo

Albert Guimares, Dot King's Porto Rican lover.



Picture by W. B. Johnstone

A diagram of Dot King's apartment, showing the position of her body when found and the arrangement of rooms and exits. At the right, "Darling Dottie" in profile.

N. Y. World photo

Kelleher notified his superiors and was told to wait for the ambulance. The ambulance surgeon said it looked like suicide by poison and went away. Presently a policeman arrived and relieved Kelleher, who returned to his patrol.

The relief policeman sat down and waited. Billy called up Mrs. Keenan, and she and her sons came quickly. They found a sheet of paper on the floor. It was Dot's will, leaving everything to her mother, and containing this hint of premonition: "In case anything should happen to me, I hereby leave—" etc. Evidently Dot knew her blackmailers!

Everybody sat around and nobody did anything. At 4 o'clock another relief officer came. This chap was more observant. Among the rumpled bedclothes near the foot of the couch he discovered an empty chloroform bottle of a peculiar shape and a square pad of gauze and cotton.

AT once he called up his lieutenant. The station notified headquarters downtown—and immediately things began to move.

Captain Arthur Carey of the Homicide Bureau, later inspector, arrived at 6 o'clock, followed by District Attorney Swann and Chief Medical Examiner Norris. They discovered a number of things.

They discovered that a hunt for fingerprints would be futile, so mauled over by the policemen and the relatives and the maid was everything in the apartment. The fact that Dot's breast was warm at 11:30 o'clock, even though her feet were cold, indicated that she had been killed between 7 and 7:30 o'clock, four hours before Billy arrived.

Police photographs were taken of everything, and then the body was examined. Several blisters on the face showed she had been burned by the chloroform. There was a slight abrasion inside the lower lip, evidently inflicted during her death throes. For there had been a furious struggle, the hammerlocked position of the left arm and the general appearance of the bed showing clearly that Dot had battled desperately as she lost consciousness under the anæsthetic.

Beside the empty bottle and the cotton pad was a man's vest-pocket comb in its leather case.

A man's umbrella stood in the rack in the little hall. On it was found a bit of cotton fluff identical with that in the pad found on the bed.

A pair of men's yellow silk pajamas was found under a sofa, thrust hurriedly out of sight. Billy afterward admitted they belonged to Mr. Marshall, and that she had hidden them before the police came because "Mr. Marshall was such a nice man."

THE apartment had been robbed. A patent-leather suitcase, Billy said, was among the missing things. In it the burglar—or the murderer who staged a burglary, after he found Dot had died, in order to give the police a false scent—had packed numerous articles. All of Dot's jewelry was gone—estimated by her mother and the maid to be worth $15,000. Her money was missing. Fine dresses and much fine lingerie had been taken. A $1,000 light summer ermine coat and a valuable squirrel cape had vanished. The two coats found on the floor had evidently been discarded when they wouldn't fit into the crammed suitcase.

Most significant of all, Dot's mail—the letters she had received from her prominent playmates—was missing, all except the "pretty pink toes" letter which the police found.

The Yale lock on the hall door had not been forced, and there were only two known keys to it, one carried by Dot and one by Billy. The kitchenette window might have been used as an ingress, either by rope ladder from the roof or by dangerous reaching from the adjoining fire escape. But it could not have been used as an exit, because it was fastened on the inside.

Unless the murderer had a key, he must have been admitted by Dot.

The detectives began to question everybody. Mrs. Keenan knew of her daughter's infatuation for Guimares, and hated him because she knew he had been cruel to the girl. So she mentioned his name, and Cap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE BROADWAY BUTTERFLY]
Continued from page twenty-one

tain Carey sent several of his men out to fetch the Porto Rican in.

While they were gone, Billy was questioned. She admitted the yellow pajamas belonged to Mr. Marshall, Dot's rich friend from Boston. Who was Mr. Marshall and where did he live? Billy was faithful, even after death—she could not say. Just then Mrs. Keenan interrupted to say that about noon Mr. Marshall had telephoned, and had seemed dumbfounded when she answered the phone and told him Dot was dead. He had hung up the receiver.

Carey called in John Thomas, and he confirmed Billy's story of the visits of Marshall and Wilson the day before. He had more information. He said Dot and the two men had come in at midnight; that a little later Wilson had left—and that up to the time he himself had gone off shift, at 7 A. M., Mr. Marshall had not left Miss King's apartment!

"Well, well, this looks simple," quoth Carey. "Go find Marshall," he commanded his picked men.

While they were out hunting Marshall (hours and days began to elapse between these events which I am stringing together) the police brought in Guimares. After he had talked a bit they decided to hold him in $10,000 bail on a charge of violating the Sullivan law, having found a pistol in his rooms at the Embassy Hotel. This is the story Guimares told:

He had dined the evening before at the Beaux Arts café with Alfred Hanan, grandson of the shoe manufacturer, and John Fitzpatrick, antecedents unimportant. After dinner they had taxied uptown to a Russian café at the corner of Fiftieth Street and Lexington Avenue, where they had remained until after 2 o'clock.

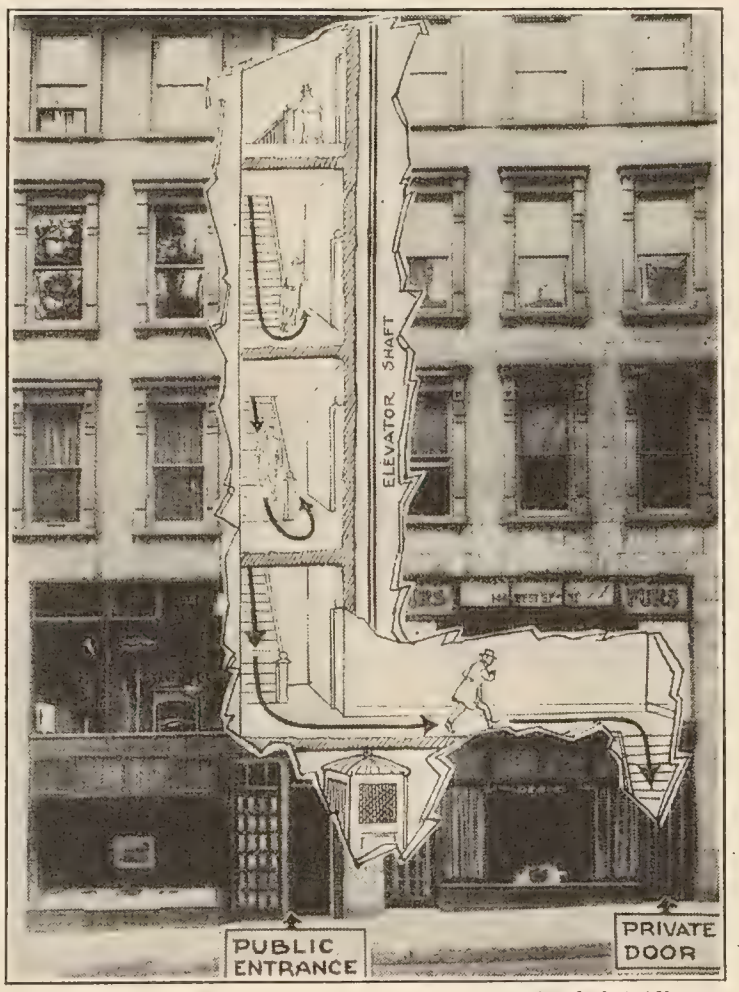
At 2:30 A. M., Guimares said, his friends dropped him at the Embassy and he took the elevator to his suite. Dot's telephone number was Circle 2150, and he called her up but got no answer. So he went to bed. The next morning he ordered breakfast served in his rooms. He described the dishes he asked for and said he had signed the breakfast check.

WHEN he was confronted with the hotel staff, five employees denied everything he said. The clerk had not seen him cross the lobby. The elevator man had not taken him up. The waiters denied they had served his breakfast. The manager could find no check signed by him. When Guimares laughingly said he might have paid in cash, the manager could find no check containing the items Guimares said he had ordered.

Carey noticed that the Porto Rican's right hand had several teeth marks on it. Guimares said he had sustained the wounds in a fist fight with somebody he didn't know at a place he couldn't remember, having had a few drinks.

A day or two having passed, the newspapers got excited and bore down heavily on the investigation. District Attorney Swann had turned the case over to his chief assistant, Ferdinand Pecora, and Pecora began to reëxamine the witnesses and suspects already exhaustively interrogated by Carey.

Nobody could find Marshall, and the papers began to concentrate on Guimares and his flimsy story, hinting that he was the blackmailer mentioned so frequently by Billy Bradford and other friends of Dot King.



International photo-diagram

How Dot's murderer presumably left her apartment at No. 144 West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City.

Suddenly one morning Pecora's telephone rang. Neilson Olcott, a lawyer, was speaking. He told Pecora that his client, John Marshall of Boston, had read in the press that Guimares was suspected of murdering Dot King because so far as was known he had been one of the last persons to talk to her. This was worrying Mr. Marshall, Olcott said, because he (Marshall) actually had seen Dot King a few hours before her death. Consequently he would like to come in and talk—provided Pecora would promise that his identity should not be made known to the newspapers. Pecora promised.

So Olcott accompanied the worried Mr. Marshall to Pecora's office. Swann was there, and so was Carey. Marshall's story follows:

AFTER Wilson left him alone with Dot, Marshall said, they had drunk a bottle of champagne and spent a couple of pleasant hours, and he had said good-by and left at 2 o'clock, going down in the elevator and returning to his quarters.

"But Thomas says he never saw you!" Carey exclaimed. "He says he took Wilson down a few minutes after you three came in, but that when he went off shift at seven o'clock you had not come down."

Marshall vehemently denied this. They sent for Thomas. Marshall was positive he had left at 2 o'clock; he reminded Thomas of a $2 tip he had given him. Thomas was equally positive that he had never seen Marshall from midnight of March 14 until this moment. Thomas even reminded Marshall that he had often left the elevator at 7 o'clock and Marshall had not yet left the love nest. Marshall admitted this, but insisted he had left *that* night at 2 A. M.

Well, what did Pecora, now in full charge of the case, do? He told Mr. Marshall he could leave the Criminal Court building by a side door, to foil the waiting mob of newspaper men, but told him to remain in town. He then called in the reporters and said that while Thomas and Marshall disagreed as to what had happened, he was inclined to believe Mr. Marshall's story, because Thomas' story was "not conclusive."

"You haven't even detained this Marshall—and he the last man to see the girl alive?" cried the press. "And why isn't Thomas' story conclusive? It was so conclusive until Marshall came in and identified himself that you and the detective bureau have been scouring the country for Marshall for days."

"Well," responded Pecora, "I have now heard Mr. Marshall's story and I believe it. That makes Thomas' story not conclusive."

"Did you find out who Marshall really is?" demanded the press.

"Yes. But I will not reveal his identity; first, because I believe his story, and second, because it would only hurt his family if it were known."

"That's rich!" butted in Guimares' lawyer in a statement to the newspaper men. "He protects Marshall, who, according to his own admission, could easily have murdered Dot King to get his letters back, and then have walked down the stairs at No. 146 West Fifty-seventh Street. He protects him in spite of the discrepancy between his story and Thomas', a discrepancy so wide that if Marshall were less rich and powerful than he evidently is, he'd be clapped into a cell instanter and subjected to a terrific third degree. Pecora does all this—yet he holds my client in $10,000 bail on a phony charge and doesn't dare even insinuate that he killed Dot King!"

While the papers were agog with this quarrel, Draper M. Daugherty burst into the picture. He told a group of newspaper men that young Francis Keenan, the taxicab driver, was trying to blackmail him.

"I was with Dot one night and she introduced me to her brother," said Draper. "Half kidding, I promised to get him a job with the United States secret service—and now he says that if I don't make good he'll expose my connection with his sister."

Well, well! One by one the prominent playmates of the Broadway butterfly were breaking into print. Daugherty was investigated, and the astonishing coincidence developed that the distinctive chloroform bottle used in killing Dot King was one of the lot sent to the American army camps and the war area in France where Major Daugherty had served, even though no relevancy that would aid in solving the murder was thus established.

For nine days Pecora protected Marshall. On March 24 he reluctantly admitted that Marshall was none other than J. Kearsley Mitchell —simply because an afternoon paper published that fact.

And then Pecora declared that if the police didn't arrest somebody for the murder he would be forced to return to the routine of his office, which meant he would drop the case.

The case was dropped!

P. & A. photo

J. Kearsley Mitchell, alias "Mr. Marshall of Boston," Dot's "sugar daddy" at the time of her death.

WHAT became of the big fish, Daugherty and Mitchell, and the smaller fry, Jackson and Guimares?

Just when the investigation was getting so hot it was sizzling, Draper's wife and his uncle, M. S. Daugherty, brother of the attorney general, had the major committed to a sanitarium in Connecticut for four months as a "dipsomaniac and incorrigible alcohol addict." That got him out of the murder picture.

A month or so later Draper escaped from the asylum, being taken away in a red roadster driven by a flashy Broadway beauty. On July 12 of last year a Nogales, Arizona, newspaper dispatch said that Draper had just married Estelle Sturges, former wife of Preston Sturges, a New York perfume manufacturer. Draper had recently been granted a Mexican divorce, as had his new wife. The dispatch recalled Draper's notorious connection with the Dot King murder case, and his commitment in 1925 to the Ohio State Hospital for the Criminal Insane on a doctor's report that he suffered from a "psychopathic condition enhanced by a life of dissipation."

Mitchell? Mitchell quietly rejoined his silent and sorrowful wife and they went to Europe for a long stay. They closed their town house in Philadelphia and stepped out of the social swirl while a wave of obscurity closed over the former "Mr. Marshall's" head. He has since been seen in ringside seats at several of the bigger prize fights in New York.

Guimares? They finally let him go. He resumed his devious ways and presently wound up in the federal prison at Atlanta for using the mails to defraud in connection with some fake promotion stunt. Not long ago he was paroled, and at last accounts was prowling swarthily up and down Broadway.

Jackson? The erstwhile secretary, "Wilson," tumbled hastily back into oblivion.

DOT KING was buried. The pawnbrokers never saw anything of her gems, described fully in the police bulletins of the day; nor was any trace found of her furs and clothing. Mrs. Keenan inherited all that was left and she and her sons were not heard of again.

The "pretty pink toes" letter that was found and the letters that were missing? With Mitchell already exposed they were of no value to the blackmailers—if, indeed, a blackmailer killed the girl—or if somebody took precautions against being blackmailed by stealing the letters, after chloroforming and perhaps unintentionally killing the sleeping butterfly.

The story of Dot King ends on a sinister note—the rumor spread along Broadway that somebody had spent $500,000 to hush up the case. There always are such ugly rumors, most of them untrue and unfair.

Mrs. Keenan had first protested that the man's vest-pocket comb found on the bed was not Dot's. Later she said it belonged to the girl. Nobody seems to have examined it for the few hairs invariably to be found in such leather cases.

The first report that the umbrella with the significant bit of cotton fluff adhering to it belonged to Mr. Marshall was disposed of when Mrs. Keenan recollected that it belonged to Dot.

Thomas relented a bit—and said that possibly he was mistaken about Mr. Marshall's not having ridden down in his elevator that night. He guessed maybe Mr. Marshall did ride down about 2 o'clock and give him that $2 tip.

In any event, nobody has ever been arrested for the murder of Dot King.

In next week's Liberty, Mr. Sutherland will present another mystery from real life.

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Madge Bellamy as Edna Ferber's screen heroine, with Louise Dresser playing the mother who knows best.

Mother

HERE in dear old London, with a fog smeared over its time-worn but ever charming surface, I read in the morning paper that a talking, singing, and perhaps boring film called Mother Knows Best is appearing in America. And, my informant adds, it is whispered behind fans that this film depicts the private and public life of Elsie Janis.

Now, that's really going too far!

When they start whispering behind fans it's time to say a mouthful or write a fistful; and as I am still, despite all rumors to the contrary, too poor to indulge in transatlantic vocal effort, I choose my trustworthy pencil.

I have removed the eraser, as I don't intend to stop, look, and clean up this article!

If I am to be depicted as such a sap as Miss Sally Quail, the heroine of Miss Ferber's splendid story, turns out to be, then I figure we might just as well tear up all the legends and theories and let the world (optimist!—the circulation is only two million or so) know the sort of sap I really have been, am, and intend to keep right on being—Freud willing.

When Miss Ferber's story first appeared in a magazine, irate friends advised me to do something about it.

What?

They forgot to suggest—as friends are apt to do when urging one on to some sort of battle.

What I really did was to hide the magazine from Mother—and our comfy little world wagged on.

Then came the book!

Need I say that at least three kind friends sent it to us?

Well—I'm a peaceful sort of gal, and I tried to laugh it off. I said it might be about Tilly Blotz or Irmintrude Whiffletree.

"Yes," said my friends, "it might. But what other girl" (they may have said "woman") "was a star at sixteen, with a husky voice, big brown eyes, gangling legs" (come, come!), "and who did imitations?"

I HAD to admit that it couldn't happen twice—and marveled at its happening once.

I resented most of all being killed off on the very first page of the story. That's no way to treat a headliner.

However, after enough talk and sound to make a Warner Brothers' superproduction, the excitement died down—as excitement will.

I know that for a fact. But Sally Quail never went to the movies—and I had settled down to wait for Miss Ferber's next "opus," which, funnily enough, turned out to be about the Barrymores.

Miss Ferber's idea of privacy leads me to believe that in some former life she must have been a goldfish; but she writes so darned well that I'd like her even if she was a dramatic critic.

I saw her play called The Royal Family, and heard everyone around me saying, "That's Ethel Barrymore—that's John," etc., as the characters in the play displayed more and more selfish and unattractive traits.

I enjoyed and resented it, but I said to myself (not behind a fan), "At least she won't be able to make a play out of Mother Knows Best."

I reckoned without my movies—or your movies—or Al Jolson's movies!

Lots of good gals have done the same—and they are selling ribbons in Los Angeles — but that's another sequence!

I returned to California—as one does who has been there before—to spend a pleasant summer.

On all sides I heard of how my life was being filmed at the Fox studios—even the part where I went to war.

Give Miss Ferber credit, she didn't need that bathos to put her chisel-drawn picture over.

An echo of Elsie Janis' entertainment of soldiers in wartime, with Miss Bellamy, in Mother Knows Best, as the entertainer.

Still Knows Best

In Which a Heroine Talks Back to an Author

By Elsie Janis

I left California—and all my friends saying, "Good-by, God bless you—and you're a fool not to sue Fox."

I laughed at the idea of ever catching one—let alone suing it—and sailed for these peaceful shores where really life used to be what one cared to make it—until the talking films came, and now they—if I may say so—are speaking out of turn and with the wrong accent.

In the monthly movie magazines—of which I buy five each month and read one—I am informed that Madge Bellamy's resemblance to me is uncanny.

I am indeed flattered!

"Pretty" is an adjective that has been strangely lacking through my years of press clippings. "A happy ending has been supplied," says one criticism, "which is a pity, as the original was much more plausible." Thanks for the hearse ride.

That last crack is what made me decide to spill the beans—and any other

U. & U. photo

Elsie Janis and her mother —a photograph taken on their return from an ocean voyage together.

Miss Janis herself in the films—reënacting a wartime scene for an early Vitaphone program.

vegetables necessary to make a hash of the theory that I have ever been cheated out of one bit of happiness in life.

I've been asked often to write my life. "I don't feel retrospective enough," has been my answer; but I do feel frank enough now to just unloose a few home and foreign truths to convince anyone who might waste a little sympathy on my "love-hungry" existence that if loves, crushes, yens, pashes, and romantic experiences showed on the torso I would have Paul Whiteman looking like an exclamation point in comparison.

Mind you, I don't think Miss Ferber meant everyone to credit her tragic tale to me; but as they have done so, I just want to point out a few discrepancies in the life story of a supposedly mother-ridden star.

MA QUAIL—if I may venture a rotten pun—was a strange bird and a common one who fought her way up from the depths.

My Mother was, is, and will be—unless she has her face lifted—a lady who taught Sunday school, can boast of titled English ancestry—and went slumming when she launched me into the theater.

Ma Quail fought and struggled to put her offspring across the boards.

My Mother took me to the White House in Washington, where I made my first important appearance, reaped the publicity therefrom, found no difficulty in selling me to the managers.

I started as a star—a small one, but fairly bright.

I hope to finish as a star, soon; not carried off by a combination of an unsatisfied love and typhoid fever—as poor Sally Quail was—but by my own desire—to leave the stage while the going is good!

Sally Quail fell in love with a ham actor—or hoofer—when she was eighteen, and loved him until she died.

In the movies she loves him until years later she gets him back.

Both versions are charming.

I certainly fell in love with a ham and a hoofer—but I was precocious and did it at nine or ten—and at least once a week. Most of them had wives who suspected the worst, but as they went to Pittsburgh the next week, and we—Mother and I—went to Detroit, I was never named as corespondent.

Sally Quail's Ma put her career above everything.

To my Mother, my happiness has been the alpha and omega. Naturally, until I was twenty-one or -two, if I had married one of the nine or ten men that I wanted to marry every nine or ten weeks, Mother would have been displeased—and the men terribly embarrassed, as the idea probably never occurred to them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MOTHER STILL KNOWS BEST
Continued from page twenty-five]

From 1914, when I was about to be married, and destiny took a hand, until today, my Mother has not only not impeded my matrimonial brain waves, but has encouraged and even urged me to marry.

She leaves me alone with men — young, old, rich, and poor — and turns up next morning with a very hopeful expression.

"You should marry," she says, "if only for the experience."

I should go to Borneo, if only for the experience — but oh, boy, that long walk back home!

The best known picture of Elsie Janis, wearing her overseas "tin hat."

The best scene or chapter in Mother Knows Best is where the mother, though supposedly at death's door, gets up and arrives at the theater just in time to ruin Sally's party with the hoofer; and, oddly enough, just when that scene is being shown all over the world, my sweet Mother is playing it—I mean the near death scene.

She is better now, but for weeks she has been very ill. She nearly died, but, instead of trying to cut in on my fun, her one order was that I must go out each night with some one of my men friends, and forget my worries.

Ma Quail was a dollar worshiper, and as Sally also played in England—and France, I suppose—pounds and francs also held her attention.

My Mother hasn't one cent in her own name. If I walked out on her tomorrow she would be high and dry, monetarily speaking; but if Niagara Falls turned to champagne, that would be just as astounding a miracle.

SALLY rode up and down the Champs Elysées in a swell car, swathed in sables—and a hungry look.

Jenny Janis (my ribald name for the maternal classic) and I have ridden all over the world in several swell cars; but when I'm hungry we stop, and if I see something in the masculine line that I like, Jenny will find a way to at least establish friendly relations.

Many an amusing experience in many a changing scene has been started by Jenny—with the aid of an unruly pekingese, or an inability to speak the local language. She can contrive to meet anyone, and I have had to point out the difficulties of clandestine friendships—and call a halt!

Ma Quail covered herself with diamonds! My Mother had diamonds before we ever left Columbus, Ohio—I think she probably pawned them to get away. But most of the jewelry she has bought in all our years of money-making has been for me.

I have, of course, given her presents—but the insurance that it worries us to keep up is on the pearls, etc., that Mother has given me—opening nights, birthdays, Christmas—in fact, any time she can find a logical excuse to buy me something.

Sally Quail doesn't appear to have had any home—or any social life. I have always had both—though the thrill of the latter has worn off considerably through the realization that the door of society opens each year to the current success, but is very apt to be a swinging door!

The former endures to such an extent that we have just annexed a second home in California.

I saw the house on a Monday—and murmured that I would love to have it.

On Wednesday I went to the theater for my matinée, and when I returned Mother informed me that the house was mine.

I still don't know how she managed it, but we moved in—and as soon as I finish my European engagements I am going back to continue my love-hungry and thwarted life amid the flowers and sunshine.

Quite seriously, I don't think Miss Ferber's heroine is a possible character. I am certain that anyone as negative as she was could not hold the public's interest for twenty years.

COMPARED to Sally Quail, Dumb Dora is a Rhodes scholar. No one could live—let alone work—successfully until even thirty without love.

Sally was never allowed to talk to men alone.

I have talked, laughed, cried, and loitered with men alone—all over the world—but I have been discreet. When I like someone it does not amuse me to sit in a public place—talking in opposition to a jazz band. I prefer to come home to our own apartment, where there are no revenue officers—and I designate the closing time. Mother usually has supper with us, and then, if she knows I want to be alone with anyone, goes to bed, perhaps, and to dream, but certainly not to interfere or "listen in."

Here at the Carlton we have the same suite we have occupied nearly every year since 1907. The man on the lift—pardon, elevator—has been here since the first time we came.

He thinks I look just the same as I did then. I know that he does. He has answered the elevator bell at 2, 3, and 4 in the morning—and is still doing it—for me and the "boy friend," as I always make a point of walking down the hall, perhaps for a last "good night"—or perhaps to show Frank (the lift man) that I'm still up and walking.

Edna Ferber, whose story, Mother Knows Best, moved Miss Janis to write this article.

Oddly enough, this year he has opened the door several times to see two or three of the same friends that he saw ten, twelve, and even fifteen years ago.

He always smiles at me approvingly—but I'm sure he would be delighted if some night or morning the visitor arrived at the elevator alone.

The British are so romantic!

It is strange how intrigued, baffled, and troubled a

lot of friends, enemies, strangers, and acquaintances have become about the great friendship between Mother and myself.

We have been the butt of jokes, and here in England they love to write about how "Elsie never moves without Mommer."

The fact that I have never called her anything but "Mother" from infancy is, apparently, not of interest.

Well—I hope they are all satisfied now, because on this visit Mother has only been in the theater three times.

I wander about alone, to and from the theater—free as a bird on the wing—but the wing is broken without her, and, despite her urging me to go here and there, I come home and sit by her bed because I prefer to be with her more than anyone I know.

This could not be so if my Mother had ever bossed, bullied, or cajoled me. I would have been out and away and married to some hoofer or cab driver—and perhaps back on the maternal *bosoom*—complete with offspring—years ago.

It is conceded that there are exceptions to all rules, and I think we form one—so let them sympathize, criticize, or laugh.

Jenny and I have so many laughs up our metaphorical sleeves that we can afford to rest on our grins. And we are going to!

I AM leaving the stage soon, and going in seriously for writing.

That means that Jenny Janis—Stage Mother—is going to disappear.

Do you think she's sorry?

Not a bit of it! She realizes that I will be happier, and so she says to me:

"What does it matter if you don't make big money like we are used to? We will get along."

And, quoting a phrase from a very popular and interesting book, she adds:

"Whither thou goest I will go; whither thou dwellest I will dwell; and there will I be buried."

I'm sure that Miss Ferber's story sent the circulation of the magazine up, the book sold into the thousands, the film will be seen by millions. Some of them will perhaps have heard of me, some will chuckle, some will resent it—probably only the same ones who have already done so; but I am certain that those who read this effusion will understand why I say:

"Mother Still Knows Best"—at least how to make me happy!

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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A visitor at one of the London schools had heard that all the children there were lamentably backward. To test this theory he said to one little fellow, "Give me a number."

"Two hundred thirty-six, sir."

The visitor wrote on the board 632. And he tested several other pupils the same way, not any of them correcting him. Then he called on a boy who looked half asleep, who responded:

"Thirty-three, sir, and fool around with that if you can."
—Mrs. J. D. Thompson, 3027 Clarence Ave., Berwyn, Ill.

* * *

Samson and Delilah, Jr.

While waiting for a car one day I noticed a small boy on a bicycle. A little girl called to him, "Georgie, come here; I want to tell you something."

Georgie circled around her, riding as fast as he could, answering back, "I am not taking any chances."

The little girl called to him again, "Georgie, please come here."

"Nothing doing," said Georgie; "you women can't be trusted."—Mrs. W. K. Allen, 518 Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

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"I Got to Love One Man Till I Die"

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

The telephone rang again. "Ye-es?" said Anne indifferently.

A Story of Marriage for Money

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

ANNE FARRAR had seen Nick Sherrall, certainly, before he cut in. He hadn't been at the party from which she and her crowd had come on to a night club, but he might have been, perfectly well, she supposed. She knew some of the people he was with; they'd happened to pick another dance, that was all. He looked, Anne would have said, like any other young man you met at a party in a white tie and a well made tail coat.

She was dancing with Pete Warner when Nick came along and tapped Pete on the shoulder.

"Love to cut in, Pete," he said. "If—you'll introduce me before you blow!"

"I like your nerve!" said Pete. "Anne—do we stand for this?"

"We seem to," she said. "We're blocking traffic."

"Oh, all right," said Pete. He wanted to dance with his own girl anyway, Anne knew; he'd only been being polite to her. "Miss Farrar—Mr. Sherrall. And I hope he steps on your feet, Anne!"

"Do you mind?" said Nick. "I couldn't help it. You oughtn't to look the way you do."

Very gay, he was, and frivolous and light. Except for his eyes. Anne looked at him, and he looked at her, and she knew there was something different about the way he was holding her. It was a lover's arms that were about her, not a partner's. You can't explain that sort of thing, you know; you believe in it, or you don't, that's all.

Anne realized all at once that she was singing, in a throaty, husky whisper, the words of the song the orchestra was playing. She loved the tune, but, though she'd been hearing it everywhere for weeks, she'd never given the words a thought before; she hadn't even known she knew them. But now she was singing: "Fish got to swim, birds got to fly, I got to love one man till I die. Can't help—loving dat man of mine!"

She asked about him after he'd taken her back to her own table and returned to his. He'd been at Princeton with Pete; he sold bonds. That meant nothing. Half the men she'd met at parties sold bonds or had started out that way. He came back when the show was over to ask her to dance again; when his crowd moved on, which it did fairly soon, he joined Anne's. And he took her home.

She loved the way he managed that; at least two other men had meant to, before he'd seen her, even, but they didn't have a chance. In the cab, though, the aunt to whose house he was taking her might have been along for all that happened. Except that—the shortest way from Broadway to Park Avenue and Sixty-fourth is not around Central Park.

They talked, naturally. He found out that she was Mrs. Clifton Cooper's niece and that this was her first winter in New York.

"How about you?" said Anne. "Why haven't I seen you before, and do you disappear again, now that I have?"

"Depends," he said. "Have to look you up. Poor, I am, and not too honest. Got to find me a rich wife—so-so rich, anyway. Want to give me references, or shall I find out for myself?"

"References?" said Anne and laughed. Quite aside from whatever queer, mysterious thing it was that had happened while they danced, she liked him.

"Of course!" said Nick. "Have to know something about a girl before you go around marrying her, don't you?"

"Oh!" said Anne. "And—are you thinking of marrying me, please?"

"Seriously!" said Nick. "Anne—" his voice broke for the first time—"Anne—didn't you know?"

SHE looked at him. "Sort of—yes," she said. Even then he didn't kiss her, though he must have known he could. And that was all that night.

Her aunt knew Nick. Anne made a point of finding that out in the morning.

"Nick Sherrall?" said Mrs. Cooper. "Oh, yes—Mary Calhoun's boy. She and I were at school together—and Betty knew him, of course." She looked at Anne shrewdly. "Thumbs down, Anne."

"Yes?"

"Yes. No money. Never will have any. Not that I wouldn't have let Betty marry him, if she'd wanted to. But Betty has enough for two. You haven't, my dear."

"I see," said Anne. "That's rather a compliment to him, isn't it?"

"Yes. Decidedly. He's a nice boy. He'll have to marry money, but the girl will get her money's worth. Just as the man who gets you will, Anne. You and this boy are in the same boat."

"Are we?"

"Darling, yes. Charles is a lamb, but he'll never have a dollar to leave you, and Nick's the sort of boy

everyone likes who never makes more than five thousand a year. I'd leave you my money, but I can't. It goes every which where when I die. I have a lovely income, and I suppose I could save lots of it, but somehow I don't."

"You'd be silly if you did," said Anne and nodded. Her aunt was quite right.

Charles was a lamb, but while the money he'd been going to make, and hadn't, ran into the millions, all the money he ever really had made didn't, by several ciphers. Not that Anne had ever cared. She wouldn't have traded fathers with any girl alive.

She and Charles had always had a marvelous time together, though mostly she was cook and bottlewasher and everything else. They'd lived anywhere, any way. Her aunt had brought her on from Oklahoma, the scene of Charles' latest fiasco; he'd bought oil land with no oil under it this time.

There was something different about the way he was holding her. It was a lover's arms that were about her, not a partner's.

ANNE had come reluctantly, largely because Charles had said she must. She'd hated leaving him. It was such fun being with him. Her mother had been dead so long that Anne didn't remember her at all, and there'd never been anyone else for Charles. They never had talked about that, though Anne had thought about it a lot. She'd wondered if she was like Charles. She rather hoped she wasn't, the chance these days of finding someone else of a similar tendency being pretty slight.

Now — well, she didn't know. "Fish got to swim, birds got to fly, I got to love one man till I die—" Too soon to worry though, she thought.

Only it wasn't. She knew that when she'd seen Nick about three times more. For two weeks she saw him every day—occasionally and briefly at lunch; almost always for tea; practically every night at some party.

Then one afternoon about half-past 6, over a tea table that held two cups of cold tea and two forgotten brioches, the end came.

"Anne darling, we can't, we can't!" said Nick.

"We can," she said. "I would tomorrow. I've been poor, mostly, all my life, Nick. I wouldn't mind. I'd love it, with you."

"Anne, dearest, you wouldn't," he said. "Not here. Being poor the way you've been with Charles—that's fun, yes. In Oklahoma and Idaho and where have you. But being poor in New York—that's hell on wheels."

"Why couldn't you make money?" said Anne. "Lots of men do."

"Oh, I know. I could—if I had some to start with. But I'm no salesman, darling. That's my trouble. I could organize things; swing a big deal. I've got that sort of bean. But they don't give you a chance. I—I've been trying. And getting stepped on."

"Couldn't you, Nick—for me?"

"Oh, I'd try! But I can't kid myself—or you, Anne. You just forget me. I'm no good."

That was all they said that really mattered. There was plenty more; plenty that was harsh and acrid, as the things people say when both are hurt are apt to be.

"There'll never be anyone else," Nick said. "I—I can't have you because I'm not good enough."

Early in the winter that had been, and now it was spring. She'd seen him here and there, of course; not so often, though. It's easy for two people not to meet much in New York when they don't want to; as easy as it is for them always to be meeting when they do. Nick was paying a lot of attention, Anne had been hearing lately, to Sally Devens—motors, Westbury via Detroit. But,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

["I GOT TO LOVE ONE MAN TILL I DIE"
Continued from page twenty-nine]

for that matter, George Morgan, whose ancestors had bought their Manhattan real estate from the Indians at the prices prevailing in those days, was paying a lot of attention to Anne, and she was letting him.

Mrs. Cooper had her part in that. She'd known about Nick, no doubt, and she'd been sorry, probably. Many ladies are wise and many are kind, but few are both. Mrs. Cooper was old enough to see life as it was, not as it ought to be. For that matter, Anne was beginning to think along those lines herself.

She liked George. Only one thing was wrong with him, really; he just wasn't Nick. But then, no one was or ever would be, and she might live, she supposed, another forty years. One thing, too, was much in George's favor; namely, that Anne didn't think he really loved her much. He probably never would love anyone much except himself. He'd marry some girl finally, Anne or another, who'd make a good mother for more Morgans. And why not?

Anne hated waking up these mornings. She knew that was all wrong when, through one window, she could look out over the marvelous, fantastic shapes of the new midtown skyline, and through another see yellow forsythia ablaze on the little hill by the lake in the park, and around it the spreading green of earliest, loveliest spring.

She wasn't awake yet, one of those April mornings, and still she wasn't asleep either when the telephone rang.

"Yes?" she cried. "Oh, yes?"

JUST once each day now someone heard Anne's voice with that eager note in it, vibrant with hope; whoever called her earliest of all, before she was quite awake. They must catch her in that interlude between sleep and waking in which the loveliest and the cruelest of all dreams—the one in which something forever lost is yours again—pursues you out of the fantasy of sleep into the reality of waking, and for a moment holds memory and truth alike at bay.

But, "Oh!" said Anne, dully now, when she knew it wasn't Nick. "I'm all right, George. No, I was awake. Tea today? I'd love it. About five. Have a good trip?"

She lay still, listening, not really hearing, as he talked on, her eyes fixed on the distant forsythia that would be a memory soon, too, like all the things she'd loved the most. When he had done she rang for breakfast.

Chilled orange juice they brought her, and flaky croissants, and sweet butter, and coffee made as it should always be made, but so seldom is. But—oh, the memory of another breakfast, months ago, with the snow outside a dog wagon ruddy in the dawn, and a crowd inside, lined up on stools along the counter, and Nick beside her. Greasy sausages, muddy coffee, burned toast—and ecstasy!

The telephone rang again.

"Ye-es?" said Anne indifferently. Not twice in one day could she be beguiled—oh, no! But then straight up in bed she sat, her eyes incredulous with joy. "But—darling, you! It can't be! Wherever are you? In town? Oh, darling, darling, I'm so glad! Lunch? I'm not going to wait for lunch! Come here this instant! What? Business? Would you put business before the only daughter you ever had? All right for you, Charles Farrar.

"Do I know a nice, quiet place to talk? Darling, I know dozens. Only don't think you're going to feed me in one of them this day! Pierre's it is, Charles, or the Ritz, and if you're broke I'll pay. If all New York isn't talking about Anne's new boy friend by tea time it won't be my fault. All right—one o'clock, and see that you're on time!"

She fairly leaped out of bed. She had to get dressed and out of the house; she must buy new shoes and a hat because you had to know him even to dream of how particular Charles was about such things. She did look nice, she thought, when she was done, and it was just as well, because Charles was a noticing devil, and she didn't want him asking awkward questions.

"I can't kid myself—or you, Anne. You just forget me. I'm no good."

SHE needn't have worried, though, because for once he was all excited about some mysterious, secret affairs of his own. For a second she wondered if he'd fallen in love, and, though she'd wished sometimes that would happen, it gave her a queer little pang; he just wouldn't be Charles any more if he had. They began talking like mad, but all the time she had the feeling he was keeping something back.

"Had a good time, infant?" he said. "You like Isabel?"

"I've had a marvelous time, and she's a perfect darling."

"Got everything you want, then?"

She caught her breath. Why had he had to ask that—in just those words? She couldn't lie to Charles.

"No," she said, and gave him a straight look.

"Sorry," he said, and sighed. "You're starting young. Can I help? How'd you like a Mercedes roadster, or a yacht, or some little thing like that?"

"Charles, you devil—what do you mean?"

"It's the ranch," he said. "I was right all the time. Wonder it didn't burn up sometime when I threw away a cigarette. There's enough oil under it to fill up every car Ford ever made every day for a year."

Anne caught her breath. She couldn't think of how glad she was—only of Nick, that last day, and how he said they couldn't get married because they were both so poor.

"Steady, infant," she heard Charles saying. "I'm a pig, just thinking about my own show. It might work out, though, you know."

"No," said Anne. "It couldn't have, anyhow, and this—oh, this just makes it worse. Darling, I'm the pig. You do know how glad I am, don't you? Oh, Charles, how silly a lot of people are going to feel about you!"

"Shouldn't wonder," he said. "I have let my mind run on that, a little. I don't care so much about the money—except for you. I'm rather glad you'll be able to cut a dash on your wedding day—like the young woman in the Mikado, you know."

There were tears in her eyes for a second.

"That—that may be fairly soon," she said.

"Yes? Been getting yourself engaged?"

"Thinking of it. George Morgan wants me to marry him. I may."

"H'mm. Would that be Henry Morgan's son? Anything like his father?"

"Very much, I imagine."

"Then it seems odd to me, very odd," said Charles. "I remember Henry very well in the days when you still went to Delmonico's and didn't smoke when you walked with a lady. I'm afraid that if I ran into Henry now, which God forbid, I'd light cigarettes with dollar bills and do anything else I could to live up to Henry's pic-

ture of a big oil and natural gas man from the west."

Anne chuckled; then she frowned.

"Stop it!" she said. "Be a parent, stupid, not a boy friend. George is a good match."

"No doubt. But—forgive me, I'm only obeying orders—do you, by any chance, love George?"

"He's all right. I like him."

"Yes? I'd prefer a little more enthusiasm."

"Oh, Charles—what's the difference? Does it matter?"

"Opinions differ. Modern psychologists agree, I believe, that love lasts only a few months. The experts said there wasn't any oil under the ranch, too."

"YOU'RE behaving abominably," said Anne. "But then, you never have been any real help to me, have you, darling? It's high time I was married, if you ask me."

"Possibly," said Charles. "And still—"

"Oh, hush!" said Anne.

"I won't. I know I'm miscast as the heavy father, and this talk of the superior wisdom of age is all nonsense. Still, I do know the devil of a lot more about life than you, infant—who's the other young man, and just why aren't you marrying him instead of George?"

She told him about Nick in detail.

"I see," said Charles. "I suppose he was right. But life's stupid, isn't it?"

"Stupid?" said Anne. "Oh, Charles—!"

"Of course, the oil does change the aspect of things."

"He wouldn't marry me now," said Anne. "And if he would I wouldn't marry him."

"Quite," said Charles. "Enter pride, which is all the seven sins in one and stupid as well. Remember Talleyrand? He said something was worse than criminal; it was stupid. I've always thought a woman could do worse than marry a fortune hunter. He has to be agreeable and amusing to get away with it. I wouldn't forbid the banns if you wanted to marry a poor man. Thanks to the beneficent behavior of the earth's crust a few million years ago we can afford a few luxuries now, in reason."

"No," said Anne doggedly. "And I tell you Nick wouldn't anyway."

"No?" said Charles. "More fool he. But you're probably right. If he's the way you describe him they must have let him fall on his head when he was a baby. Well, if I can't help you I can't, and that's that."

"I'll probably make a mess of it, Charles, whatever I do," said Anne.

"Naturally," he agreed. "Why not? Oh, by the way, don't spread the news. Ostensibly, I'm still on the town. I'm here to get the show financed. Better not tell Isabel, even."

"I love secrets," said Anne. "Come on and help me buy an evening dress."

"I'll do better than that, I'll pay

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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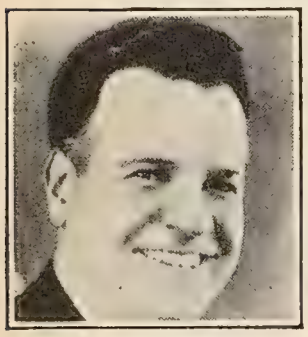

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["I GOT TO LOVE ONE MAN TILL I DIE" Continued from page thirty-one]

for it," said Charles. "That's one thing I'm going to miss—being extravagant."

"You?" said Anne scornfully. "You'd run into debt if you had John D. Rockefeller's income!"

She stayed with Charles till it was time to meet George for tea. That was bad. George was growing urgent, and she didn't want to be urged. She wanted life to stop while she caught her breath and adjusted herself, but that is what life is never willing to do for you.

George, she reflected that evening, probably thought they were engaged. Perhaps they were. He'd kissed her most thoroughly in the cab when he took her home, and she'd let him. She'd neither liked it especially nor minded it.

Charles disappeared. He didn't call her next day, and she couldn't get him at his hotel. George wanted to see her, of course, but she begged off. She really did have a headache, and no wonder. She was, she supposed, the only girl in history who'd practically had a nervous breakdown because she'd suddenly become an heiress. Anyway, she stayed home. Mrs. Cooper, as usual, was both wise and kind. She broke Anne's engagement for her, tactfully, and didn't even suggest the doctor. So one day passed.

But the next morning, though she'd gone to bed at 10, Anne was still asleep when the telephone rang. She hadn't really started sleeping much before daylight, you see, and she might have been drugged, for all she really knew.

"YES?" she said, startled, half afraid. And: "Nick! *Nick—!*"

"Yes," he said. "Anne—oh, Anne—I want to see you—I've *got* to see you—"

She didn't say a word; she couldn't.

"Oh, Anne—will you? Will you have lunch with me, or tea, or dinner, or—oh, will you just see me?"

"Yes, of course," she said. And though she tried, she couldn't keep the leaping, singing joy out of her voice. For this, you see, was the one thing she hadn't dared to hope or dream of—that Nick would come back like this, now, before he knew, before he could have heard!

She sat beside him at lunch, on a divan against the wall, in a funny little place they'd gone to a lot in the two weeks they'd had together. It was queer, the way, at first, they didn't talk; the shy, confused way they met. Just: "Hello, Nick." "Hello, Anne. You all right?" "Oh, yes. You don't look well, Nick." "I? Oh, I'm all right now."

He wasn't. He looked terrible. He was thin and pale, and there were dark shadows under his eyes. He wasn't the old, gay, frivolous Nick. But Anne didn't care. He'd come back, the other Nick; she'd bring him back.

"Nick," she said, "what's it all about?"

"Don't you know, Anne?"

"Maybe. But tell me, Nick."

"I love you."

"Didn't you—always?"

"Yes. But—oh, Anne—something's happened! Something marvelous—the sort of thing you read about!"

"Rich uncle die, Nick?"

"Better than that! Much better! You know what I told you—if I only had a chance to promote something big? Well—I've got it! I've brought in a job that means real money. I get a commission and a new job. I'm taken off selling bonds—as soon as this deal's cleaned up I'm to have a chance at consolidating a bunch of small power companies. And when I went at them for that before, they turned me down cold!"

"Nick—I'm so glad!"

"ANNE—oh, Anne—darling—will you marry me—now? I may—oh, I may blow it—but I don't think so—if you—if I have you—"

"Will I marry you? I—Nick—I'll go downtown and marry you this minute!"

"I can't!" He laughed almost hysterically. "I've got to see this man—Tutwiler's his name—right away after lunch—there's no time to lose, and I'll be tied up all the rest of the afternoon with him."

"All right," said Anne. "Tomorrow, then. Maidenly, I am. What time?"

"Let's settle it tonight," said Nick. "Going to the Barrys' dance?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"I wasn't—but I am now! Oh, Anne, the parties I've cut this winter so I wouldn't see you! Wonder I got a card, but I did."

"Good. Don't be too late. As long as I can't marry you this afternoon I'll keep my date with Charles. He's in town, by the way. The way that man drops in from anywhere! I thought he was in Oklahoma, and he called me up to have lunch! Day before yesterday that was—and then never a word from him till after you called up this morning! He'll probably be on his way to Timbuktu tomorrow."

"Hope not," said Nick. "I ought to see him, oughtn't I? Oh, Anne—will he hate me?"

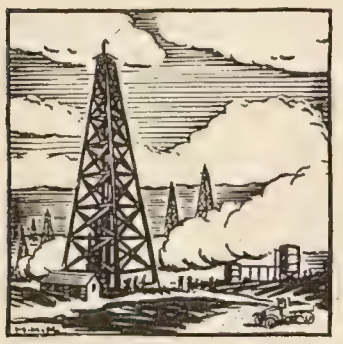
"No," said Anne, and chuckled. What a laugh Charles was going to have on her! But much she cared! All she wanted was to get Nick safely married to her before he knew about Charles and his oil.

Still, Charles could handle him now, even if he found out and tried to be difficult.

What was a father for, if not to make a girl's young man do the right thing by her?

Charles must have known, the minute he saw her, but he didn't say a word, and neither did Anne.

"I had lunch with Isabel," Charles remarked casually. "I told her. She is a darling. Everyone else is going to pretend they always knew I had it in me. Isabel says she's never been so surprised in her life. She's making me step out tonight, by the way. Dance. People I used to know called Barry. Seems they have a daughter coming out."



"Lovely," said Anne. "Going to dance with me? You—you'd better keep your eyes open, too. You might see something."

Anne was late getting to the dance. Nick was doing the manly thing with the evening's débutante, and looked at Anne with despairing eyes as George Morgan gleefully captured her.

"That fellow Sherrall's here," said George. "Hasn't shown much lately."

"No," said Anne.

"Dropped him, didn't you?"

"No," said Anne. "He dropped me."

"Hunh?" said George uncertainly. Then he decided he was supposed to laugh. "Gave you an awful rush for a while, didn't he? Thought you had money, I expect, being Mrs. Cooper's niece. After it, he is."

"You're so subtle when you want to flatter a girl, George."

"Hunh? Oh, you know what I mean. Let's blow, Anne—there's a place to sit out—he looks as if he meant to cut in—"

"I—I want him to, George."

"I don't!" said George, grimly possessive. "And if you're going to marry me—"

"But—but—I'm not, George—"

"Eh? Day before yesterday—"

"I know. I—I did mean to, then, sort of. You're lucky, George, if you only knew it. I'm a worm, really. And—I'm going to marry Nick—"

NICK almost heard that; he cut in, anyway, before George could do more than gasp.

Anne turned to him quickly. Queer, how the music stopped just then—only to start again at the first burst of applause.

"Fish got to swim, birds got to fly, I got to love one man till I die—"

"Darling!" said Anne.

"The way you take the words out of my mouth!" said Nick. "Darling yourself! Going home early?"

"Of course not! From the first party we've been to together for months?"

"You'd better!"

"Why?"

"Have to be up early in the morning. Made a date for you. Downtown. Nine o'clock. Got to be on the job at ten."

"Nick!"

"Yes! Oh, Anne—will you? Did you mean it? We can get the license and be married and everything—"

The music stopped; began again. But this wasn't their tune. Anne stopped dancing and pulled at his arm.

"Come on," she said. "I want Charles to be there, too. He's right over there."

"Charles?" said Nick, staring. "But—"

"Hello, Anne!" said Charles. "Good evening to you, Nick. I am assuming—one does call one's future son-in-law Nick, doesn't one?"

"But—" said Nick. "You—you're not—you said your name was Tutwiler!"

"So I did," said Charles. "Nice name, don't you think? I was quite proud of it myself."

"Charles, you devil—what have you been up to?" said Anne.

"Nothing," said Charles.

"But—if you're Anne's father—she'll be worth mil-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

DARK BROWN?

WHEN THE WORLD IS DARK BROWN . . . WHEN YOUR HEAD IS JUST A HIVE OF WILD BEES . . . WHEN, FOR ANY REASON, YOUR PRESENT BRAND GOES BACK ON YOU . . . THERE IS STILL ONE CIGARETTE THAT IS FRIENDLY

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BAYER ASPIRIN

["I GOT TO LOVE ONE MAN TILL I DIE" Continued from page thirty-three]

lions—that land of yours I'm finding the capital to develop—"

"She may be worth millions; she may not. Not right away, anyway," said Charles. "Not till I die, and they tell me I'm a very good life. Forty-three, and I don't drink—much."

"Charles!" said Anne. "Do you mean to say you—?"

"Me," said Charles. "Me, in person. You two kids! Thinking you knew so much—and never knowing there's only one thing worth knowing, after all! Money! What's the damn stuff for? To get what you want—not to keep you from having it. So—

"I listen to this infant of mine, Nick. And I discover that you're what she wants. You, for admirable reasons, say no. Good. By dumb luck I become, potentially, a millionaire. I come to New York to get some men I know to finance my oil ranch. They don't need the money. You do. So I hand it to you—using Tutwiler as a—well, a nom de guerre. Good gambler, I am—I can't lose. As it turns out, I win—because the first thing you do is to go after Anne again. As the Euclid book puts it—Q. E. F."

"You are sweet, you know, Charles," said Anne.

"But—" said Nick. "Anne—I can't marry you—not when you're going to be as rich as all this—"

"No?" said Anne. "Just you try not to marry me! You're hooked, darling. I wouldn't worry too much about the money, anyway, if I were you. Charles will probably lose it all before I get a chance at it! Charles—take me home, please! Got a nine o'clock date, downtown—and so have you!"

"But—" said Nick.

Charles smiled at him.

"It won't be so bad," he said.

"I—I still don't understand," said Nick. "The papers were all about a ranch owned by a man called Tutwiler, all right—"

"Chap I bought it from," explained Charles. "You didn't think I could make up a name like that, did you? I've got lots more papers. You'll get those at ten. Good night, Nick.

"Meet you at nine, then, wherever it is they sell marriage licenses. Au revoir."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Answers will be found on page seventy-three.

1—What is the birth stone for February?
2—What is sterling silver?
3—What is a filibuster, in parliamentary parlance?
4—What is the literal meaning of the Greek phrase *hoi polloi?*
5—What player led the American League in batting for the season of 1928?
6—Where does champagne get its name?
7—What are the colors in the flag of Belgium?
8—What is a chamois?
9—Which state is called the Old Dominion?
10—Distinguish between ingenious and ingenuous.
11—What law-enforcing organization has the reputation of always "getting its man"?
12—Ships of what nations engaged in the Battle of Jutland?
13—What is meant by the underworld expression "shoving the queer"?
14—What is meant when a painting is called a genre?
15—What was President Cleveland's full given name?
16—To revive a person who has fainted should the head be placed higher or lower than the rest of the body?
17—What system of weights and measures originated in France in the eighteenth century?
18—According to the Bible, what was in the dove's mouth when it returned to the ark?
19—What does Mrs. Grundy personify?
20—Name the deities in the Hindu trinity.

All Wet

Something About a River and Certain Oceans

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

THIS week's trio of early 1929 photoplays is a wet one, ranging from melodrama at the headwaters of a great river to the same thing on the surging bosom of the Pacific and in the South Seas.

The River, coming from the William Fox Studios, is an oddity. Its background is a deserted construction camp. Just as winter comes, a shy, inexperienced backwoods boy drifts into the lonely camp on his homemade scow. He is on his way to the sea, but the clutch of winter closes the stream.

Except for an old woman storekeeper and her strange deaf and dumb son, the only camp occupant is a woman of the world, a siren who was left behind when her partner, the camp boss, was dragged away for murder.

The story concerns itself with the sex siege and capitulation of the country boy before the wiles of the sophisticated girl from beyond the hills. The River is sexy enough to send shudders along Deacon Hays' spine.

The girl from beyond them thar hills is done by Mary Duncan, who gives a vivid and seductive performance, one of sharp and sudden moods and keen amatory analysis. Charles Farrell lends personable and restrained aid as the simple mountain boy.

You may or may not like The River. It is a picture of considerable primitive intent, of strangely ominous atmosphere, of tight, intimate drama—and Director Frank Borzage has paused frequently to lend passionate verisimilitude to the seduction.

Mary Duncan, the siren in The River, trying IT on Charles Farrell. On the left, Richard Barthelmess, the bold, bad skipper, and Betty Compson in The Scarlet Seas.

Ronald Colman and the new imported film beauty, Lily Damita, in the film version of Joseph Conrad's The Rescue.

★ ★

Doubtless you may have looked forward to United Artists' filming of Joseph Conrad's The Rescue, in which Ronald Colman plays that fascinating British adventurer and gun runner, Rom Lingard.

The Rescue reaches the screen just like all the other Conrad film adaptations. It becomes just a melodramatic—and none too believable—skeleton. All the psychological introspection of Conrad fades before the camera.

The story revolves around Captain Lingard and how he momentarily thrusts honor aside in his love for Lady Edith Travers, whose tiresome husband sails the South Seas in his trim yacht, the Hermit. Lingard is bound by his word to aid Rajah Hassim recover his throne, but the ill-fated appeal of Lady Edith sends all the adventurer's friends to their doom.

Colman gives an intriguing and interesting performance of the strange and complex Lingard and Miss Lily Damita is a piquant and decorative figure as Lady Edith.

★

Dick Barthelmess' newest First National production, Scarlet Seas, does not stand up so well. Here is a rather preposterous yarn of a hard-boiled skipper and a girl who has been "a white man's flame in a brown man's land." Sole survivors of a fire at sea, the two drift for days in an open boat and come to believe in God.

When they are picked up by a mutinous and murderous crew, the reformation gets a stiff test.

Dick never seems the brawny, ruthless, two-fisted skipper that the subtitles declare him to be. As well have Lon Chaney do Tol'able David. And Betty Compson seems to be just flaunting a lot of false wickedness.

Personalities—

Lily Damita (it used to be Lilli) was born in Paris in 1906. . . . Charles Farrell hails from Cape Cod. . . . Ronald Colman's birthplace was Richmond, England.

BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)

HOW Bryan, a melodious young "dark horse," planned to capture the Democratic nomination for President in 1896, was told in last week's installment of Mr. Werner's biography. Then came the wild drama of the Chicago convention, with Bryan overwhelming the gold forces and stampeding the rest of the delegates. His nomination followed, and we left him about to open his whirlwind campaign.

From The First Battle, courtesy of W. B. Conkey Co., publishers

Bryan on tour in the 1896 campaign. He is the man at the left. At the right is Mrs. Bryan.

From the New York Journal, August 9, 1896; by permission of the New York Evening Journal

As a friendly newspaper artist saw him in action. The day of the newspaper photographer had not yet arrived.

PART FOUR

"BRYAN, BRYAN, BRYAN, BRYAN!"

THREE days after his nomination Bryan left Chicago for a visit to his birthplace in Salem, Illinois, where he made a speech to old friends and neighbors. Then he started for Lincoln, making speeches on the way to enthusiastic crowds. Bland, the acknowledged father of the silver movement, greeted the candidate at Kansas City. "How are you, Mr. Bryan?" said the man who had been the leading candidate. "I congratulate you." "How are you, Mr. Bland? Thank you," said Bryan. "Your nomination took a big load off my mind," said Bland.

Bryan and his wife received a great ovation when they arrived home in Lincoln, Nebraska. "Upon our small household," wrote Mrs. Bryan, "suddenly shone the white light which is said to beat upon the throne."

In other parts of the nation there was some dissatisfaction among Democrats with Bryan's nomination. One section of the party held another convention of gold Democrats and nominated John M. Palmer and Simon B. Buckner as candidates for President and Vice-President. Many of the New York Democrats remained in the party, but did not support Bryan actively. When Senator David B. Hill returned home from the convention, a friend asked him, "Are you still a Democrat?" "Yes, I am a Democrat still," said the senator; "very still." Bryan did not receive the important support of the administration then in power under Grover Cleveland, and most of the eastern Democratic newspapers advocated the gold standard.

William Randolph Hearst, who had only recently purchased the New York Journal, supported Bryan actively, and his was the only newspaper in New York which advocated Bryan's election. Advertisements were taken from the Journal because of Hearst's stand, but Hearst hired the most capable writers he could find to discuss Bryan and free silver. The Journal also started a campaign fund for Bryan, and Hearst offered to duplicate every dollar subscribed by one of his own. More than $40,000 was subscribed.

In the East, Bryan was an object of terror as well as of dislike. Bankers felt that they would be irretrievably ruined if he became President, and those who wished prosperity at all costs felt the same. The Rev. Thomas Dixon told his congregation that Bryan was "a mouthing, slobbering demagogue, whose patriotism is all in his jawbone," and "the audience howled," according to the New York World. The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst said: "I dare, in God's pulpit, to brand such attempts as

accursed and treasonable." Theodore Roosevelt, then police commissioner of New York, said of Bryan and his associates that they were, "as regards the essential principles of government, in hearty sympathy with their remote skin-clad ancestors who lived in caves and fought one another with stone-headed axes and ate the mammoth woolly rhinoceros."

In the West, Bryan's advocacy of silver was almost a religion. To offset the ridicule of the eastern newspapers which kept calling him "The Boy Orator of the Platte," and Senator Foraker's remark that the Platte River was "six inches deep and six miles wide at the mouth," the western newspapers called him "The Silver Knight of the West" and "The Black Eagle of Nebraska." His notoriety was almost like that of an eminent prize fighter.

THE Populist party convention met in St. Louis and nominated Bryan as its candidate for President, but it refused to endorse Sewall and nominated its leader Tom Watson for Vice-President. The Silver party met in convention and listened to the Hon. Edward C. Little of Kansas nominate Bryan and tell them: "The time has come to determine whether this nation is ruled by an Almighty Dollar or by an Almighty God."

The convention endorsed Bryan enthusiastically.

LAST WEEK the New York Journal made a net gain of 15,429 in sales to newsdealers and yearly subscriptions

NO. 5,019.

NEW YORK JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1896.—16 PAGES.

LAST WEEK the New York Journal made an average daily gain of 2,204 in sales to newsdealers and subscribers

PRICE ONE CENT.

MR. BRYAN TO THE JOURNAL.

I am greatly gratified with the treatment accorded us by the people of New York. The Silver sentiment is growing, and the good work done by the Journal is appreciated by the people.

W. J. Bryan

THE FULL TEXT OF MR. BRYAN'S GREAT SPEECH

By permission of the New York Evening Journal

The front page of Hearst's New York morning paper of those days, illustrating the Bryan notification meeting in Madison Square Garden.

It was arranged that Bryan should receive the notification of his nomination and deliver his acceptance speech at Madison Square Garden in New York City, and on August 8, 1896, he left Lincoln, Nebraska, for New York, delivering many short speeches on the way. In the talk which he was persuaded to give to the crowd that gathered at the railroad station in Lincoln, he used a phrase that was used against him during the entire campaign.

"In ordinary times," he told his fellow townsmen, "I would have desired to have the notification take place at my home. But this is not an ordinary campaign, and . . . I expressed the desire to be notified in New York, in order that our cause might be presented first in the heart of what now seems to be the enemy's country, but which we hope to be our country before this campaign is over."

The Republican orators and newspapers seized on the phrase "the enemy's country," and made it appear that Bryan was seeking to renew the sectional strife which the Civil War had ended. McKinley in one of his speeches said: "We know no 'enemy's country' in this fair land of ours."

On the way to New York the train stopped at Canton, Ohio, the home town of McKinley, where the Republican nominee was making his campaign from his own front porch. An enthusiastic crowd greeted Bryan at the Canton station, and he made them a short speech, in which he asked them to turn to the definition of neighbor in the Scriptures. "In this contest," he said, "I hope to be the neighbor of those who have fallen among thieves."

In New York, Bryan was treated with hostile curiosity rather than enthusiasm. The newspapers even begrudged him the curiosity. But, nevertheless, there was a great demand for tickets to the notification meeting. On the morning of August 12 the New York Tribune outdid even itself in sour indignation. In an editorial headed Tonight's Show the paper said:

It is not strange that there should be a large demand for tickets to the political show advertised to come off at the Madison Square Garden tonight. It would be very strange if there were not, and stranger still if the Garden were not crowded by curiosity-seekers and sightseers. For this will be a show without precedent or parallel. Of infant prodigies, juvenile phenomena, and boy wonders there has never been any lack. . . . No dime museum is ever long without at least one of them as a special attraction, and most circuses and menageries habitually carry two or three on their billboards.

But tonight's show is of a boy orator of such unusual gifts that he has been able, with one outburst of what seemed to be—until it was touched up with quotation marks in the proofs—spontaneous and unpremeditated eloquence, to carry the national convention of a great party off its feet and make himself the candidate of the party for the highest office in the nation. He accomplished this solely by his eloquence. Neither he nor anybody else pretends that he has ever exhibited any other qualification for the office of President of the United States. In that view of him he is certainly an object of curiosity. He is the most successful boy orator the world has ever seen.

Having captured the nomination by a method never before known, with the result of a disruption of the party which nominated him, he has taken another unusual step in making a 1,500-mile journey to this city to receive the formal notification of his nomination, instead of awaiting that ceremony at his own home. . . . In taking this unusual course he certainly demonstrates his confidence in himself, even if it is not a manifestation of the highest courage. . . .

It will be a great show. And if he succeeds in making the impression he is so confident of, we shall have no hesitation in saying that he is not merely a great boy orator, but the most powerful public speaker that ever fed east wind to a mob.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page thirty-seven]

The fact that Bryan was the youngest man who was ever nominated for the Presidency—he was thirty-six at the time—was used against him in the East and was considered an advantage in the West.

More than 20,000 people gathered in Madison Square Garden and the park near by on the night of August 12, the hottest August 12 New York had ever known, according to the newspapers. Many of the tickets which had been mailed were stolen from the post office, and speculators offered them to people in the huge crowd outside. "Here's your choice seats to hear the Boy Wonder of the West!" they shouted, and sold them for $2.50. The temperature inside Madison Square Garden was ninety-two degrees, and in the basement a hospital was set up by Dr. Nammack, the police physician. Tubs of ice and cot beds were placed in the stalls usually occupied by circus animals.

© Underwood & Underwood

A camera caught Bryan at his desk in Lincoln, Nebraska, shortly before he opened his campaign.

THE crowd was noisy and ready for excitement. When Bryan entered in his black suit and stiff white lawn tie, he looked to the Times reporter "more like a professional hypnotist or an actor with baffled aspirations than like a leader to fire a crowd with grace or force of words." The crowd cheered him enthusiastically and stamped their feet. Bryan had determined in advance to read his speech, against the advice of Mrs. Bryan and other friends. But he had been criticized in the East as nothing but a cheap orator, and he wished to make it clear that he could present a reasoned argument. He also wished to insure accuracy in the reporting of this, his first important speech of the campaign.

Bryan began his speech by denying the charge that he and his followers were attacking the rights of private property. "Our campaign," he assured the people of New York, "has not for its object the reconstruction of society. We cannot insure to the vicious the fruits of a virtuous life; we would not invade the home of the provident in order to supply the wants of the spendthrift; we do not propose to transfer the rewards of industry to the lap of indolence. Property is and will remain the stimulus to endeavor and the compensation for toil."

He quoted from the Declaration of Independence to prove that all men were created free and equal, from Abraham Lincoln to prove that the honest toiler could be trusted, and from Andrew Jackson to prove that the common people must be protected.

He advocated an income tax and then took up the money question, and he repeated his belief that the only way to obtain a dollar that was honest for all classes of society was to establish a gold and silver ratio.

The speech was lacking in all Bryan's favorite oratorical effects, and in it he presented no new arguments nor any old ones in an interesting form. The whole evening was a colossal blunder and a great disappointment. Before Bryan had been speaking long there was the stamping of feet in the hall as men tried to get out of the hot auditorium, where they were being bored, to the freedom of the streets.

It has been said on good authority that the Republicans planted groups of fifteen to twenty men in various parts of Madison Square Garden. Soon after Bryan began to speak a group of these men rose in one corner of the huge building, and, without speaking, tramped out as heavily as they could. A few minutes later another group in an opposite part of the Garden rose and tramped out. At first the audience turned and jeered, but finally many of them joined the silent, tramping critics, and the last parts of the speech were read to a much smaller audience than the first.

Bryan had made a great psychological error. The people of New York had crowded into the hot building to hear his oratory, and he gave them an exceedingly intricate and dull argument. They had heard of him as the young knight of the West who had proclaimed that it would not be permissible to crucify mankind upon a cross of gold, and they were eager and anxious for another metaphor. The night was too hot for argument. The audience was there for a debauch. Bryan failed to give it to them, and they went back to their hot rooms under the impression that this new wonder man was no great shakes.

A hostile press was able to make the most of this bad impression, and to send it from the gateway of New York throughout the nation. The Journal pointed out that Abraham Lincoln also read his speech in New York in 1860, but this did not seem to help. The other papers were ready to attack any speech. Mr. Bryan went home with the disheartening feeling that there was no satisfying some people. The spiteful Herald even denied the size of the crowd: "The gathering which greeted Bryan was, as a matter of fact, no greater than many previous events here. There have been as big crowds at horse shows."

FROM that day on, Bryan hated New York and all it represented with a hatred that remained with him until the last day of his life, and one of the convictions that gave him courage for his last fight at Dayton, Tennessee, was that he was defending the honest yeomanry of the nation from the decadent, filthy cynicism of the big city.

There was one spot in New York, however, which Mr. Bryan had not yet come to hate, and that was the headquarters of the local Democratic organization, Tammany Hall. For Mr. Bryan was a practical man, and he did not mind so much with whom he lay down, so long as he was "clad in the armor of a righteous cause." He always managed to exempt Mr. Croker and his associates from his general condemnations of big business and corrupt politics, though it was Croker, aided by those associates, who had cemented the combination with an effectiveness that was soon to be admired as efficiency.

The day after Bryan's speech the stock market improved, and the Republicans breathed more easily. They had been troubled by the anxiety that Bryan might make a favorable impression which would sweep throughout the country, and, through their press and their agents, they had done whatever could be done to prevent such a contingency. But it was impossible to dam up oratory, and they were frankly afraid. Bryan played into their hands by refraining from oratory for the occasion.

After this bad start in Madison Square Garden, Bryan carried on a campaign that was the most vigorous presidential effort which had been made in years. With the bands playing El Capitan, which had been adopted as the Democratic marching song, Bryan toured the country, speaking in tiny villages and in large public squares, from the platforms of trains and in huge auditoriums.

It was the first time in the history of the country that

a presidential candidate personally toured the nation so extensively and spoke from trains. The hostile newspapers found it undignified, but the people found it fascinating. In a campaign speech at Philadelphia Bryan defended his campaign methods. "One of the papers said that I 'lacked dignity,'" he said. "I have been looking into the matter, and have decided that I would rather have it said that I lacked dignity than have it said that I lack backbone to meet the enemies of the government who work against its welfare in Wall Street. What other presidential candidates did they ever charge with lack of dignity? [A voice: "Lincoln."] Yes, my friends, they said it of Lincoln. [A voice: "Jackson."] Yes, they said it of Jackson. [A voice: "And Jefferson."] Yes, and of Jefferson; he was lacking in dignity, too. . . .

"Now, it might be more dignified for me to stay at home and have people come to see me; but you know I said I was not going to promise to give anybody an office, and, therefore, a great many people who might go to see a candidate under some circumstances would not come to see me at all. And then, too, our people do not have money to spare. Why, our people are the people who want more money, and if they could come all the way to Nebraska to see me, it might show that they have money enough now."

MR. McKINLEY was making his campaign from his front porch, and the Republican campaign committee was bringing to that front porch special trains filled with admirers who wore yellow ribbons to signify their love of gold.

Bryan's secretary estimated that he spoke on an average of 60,000 to 100,000 words every day. He made as many as thirty-six speeches in one day. There was one thing, however, he refused to do, and that was to speak on Sunday. He traveled 18,000 miles and it was estimated that he had addressed more than 5,000,000 people. When a railroad company offered him a private car, he expressed the desire to travel as an ordinary passenger, but finally a private car called The Idler was provided for him. He did not approve of the name, but the car added to his comfort and his efficiency.

As his train passed through the farming districts, he was greeted by enormous crowds. Farmers had started early in the morning in their wagons in order to arrive at the station in time to hear him as he passed through a small town. The large meetings in open spaces were infested with pickpockets, and it was found necessary to add a private detective to Bryan's staff. Pickpockets followed the train from place to place, and once Bryan stopped in the middle of a speech to point out two of them whom he had caught in the act.

"After all had turned in for the night," Bryan wrote concerning his travels, "the glare of torchlights and a shout, increasing as we approached and dying out as we departed, notified us of gatherings along the line even where the train did not stop." Some men crowded to small railroad stations where the train was compelled to stop for a few moments and shook hands with the sleepy candidate through the window.

BRYAN'S endurance was a marvel to all those who traveled with him. In order to get rest he slept for minutes sitting in his seat, and his appetite remained enormous. One correspondent reported that "On his campaign trips it was not at all uncommon for Mr. Bryan to eat six meals a day." The newspaper men, whom he liked, found stimulation for their labors in whisky, and this always made Bryan sad. He never rested in his labors to convert them to temperance, and he never succeeded. One of the correspondents reported that between stops Bryan rubbed his body with gin to remove the perspiration, hung his clothes on a line in his compartment, and then slept for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, until he was aroused for the next speech. This correspondent maintained that sometimes when Mr. Bryan came out on the train platform he smelled "like a wrecked distillery." Before he went to bed for the night, the candidate kneeled and prayed to the tune of the grinding train wheels.

By permission of the New York Evening Journal

Mark Hanna, McKinley's backer, as oppressor of labor and collector of campaign "boodle." A typical Hearst cartoon in the Bryan cause.

The issues of the campaign of 1896 aroused more interest than those of any campaign since Lincoln had been elected President. G. W. Steevens, correspondent of the London Daily Mail, who arrived in America when the campaign was beginning, wrote: "Night and day in every newspaper, in every café, in every street car, it is the dollar, and the dollar alone, whose fate is discussed." Steevens traveled about the country, trying to find the meaning of the campaign, and his reactions were intelligent. "It is bread-and-butter politics, all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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From Puck, September 16, 1896

Puck's savage view of Bryan's speaking tours and his fervent followers. Hearst was the one eastern publisher of any consequence who printed pro-Bryan cartoons.

[BRYAN
Continued from page thirty-nine]

through," he concluded, "from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate." In New York he found it difficult to get any impression of the silver movement, for, "I can hardly find a man who will go further than such pointed but unenlightening expressions of opinion as 'repudiators,' 'thieves,' 'liars,' and the like. It is almost an insult to ask a New Yorker even to state the case for silver."

A young man he met at dinner one night summed it up for him best. "'They're hungry,' he said. 'What's the good of talking sound finance to a man when he's hungry? Feed him first, and then he'll listen. They haven't forgotten Homestead, and they're sore. They know that they can't be worse off than they are, and so they go in for any change. If it's not free silver, it'll be something else. If it's not this time, it'll be next. And they're quite right.' If this is true, the question of this election is of a sort that goes deeper than argumentations of political economy. I almost think that very young man is the first American statesman I have met."

IN the East, where men made their money by commerce, they wanted a firm gold standard. In the South and West where they made their money by crops, they wanted plenty of currency of any kind to pay their debts and to buy their manufactured articles. They believed, and they were encouraged in that belief by Bryan, that the more money they had the more they could buy. In the Rocky Mountains they wanted silver because they mined it. In California they mined gold and raised crops. Those who mined gold wanted a gold standard, and those who farmed wanted both gold and silver. Therefore, the Pacific coast states were doubtful.

Wyoming, in the region of Bryan's territory, wanted gold, because it contained coal mines, owned by eastern capitalists, who were assured of a high protective tariff for their product if McKinley was elected. Underneath the campaign lay a grave economic struggle between sections of the country, the first sectional struggle since the outcome of the Civil War, and men became bitter and excited.

Slogans were plentiful in 1896. Bryan and his supporters referred to their opponents as "gold bugs," and McKinley was hailed by his admirers as "the advance agent of prosperity." The Republicans insisted that it was better "to open the mills to work than to open the mints to money." "Sixteen to one" was shouted about and worn on clothes, and the answer was "Sound Money" and "An Honest Dollar." Ardent Republicans remarked, "In God We Trust, in Bryan We Bust." "Free silver" was an excellent slogan, except among business men, for it implied something for nothing, which was attractive to everybody except the man who was trying to sell something.

Poems filled the newspapers and were circulated in pamphlets. The best of these on the silver side was the following, published by "Coin" Harvey, the leading silver propagandist, whose pamphlets sold by the hundreds of thousands and are now almost impossible to find:

THE SONG UV SAMYEWEL

(By Sam Fonograf)

the prise uv wheet wuz fawlin fast
az up wall street a banker past
hiz klose perfumed and smellin nise
while threw hiz hed ran this devise
sownd munney

from albion's shores heed just arrived
with plans mature & well kontrived
& softly in the kokney tung
he warbled owt with hiz wun lung
sownd munney

in church you mite have herd him sing
& thank the lord for everything
& if perchanse he fell asleep
heed mix with amens lowd & deep
sownd munney

in happy homes he saw the lite
uv big log fires blaze up at nite
& az he thot uv morgage lones
he sang agen in lowder tones
sownd munney

o stay thy hand the widow kride
evikt not those so harshly tride
he simply sed ekonomize
& then they herd abuv her krys
sownd munney

kum stop those tricks abe linkun sed
fer dern yer skin ime fer frum ded
ile set the people 2 tan yer hide
but stil that kokney voise replied
sownd munney

wun day thay fown him stiff & kold
(a suiside so i wuz told)
hiz korps ½ ett up by rats & mise
but on hiz shirt frunt this devise
sownd munney

THE Republicans realized that they had a sentiment and a cause to fight, and they were frightened, because Bryan, the leader of that cause, was more sentimental than McKinley, and more convinced of the righteousness of his battle than presidential candidates usually find it necessary to be. Mark Hanna, the business manager of McKinley's campaign, was far from sentimental, but just as convinced of the divinity of business as Bryan was of that of Christ. And Hanna knew from a wide experience in Ohio business and politics that a lot could be done against principles with money. He therefore set about to raise the largest campaign fund ever used in the history of the United States. The clerk of the House of Representatives estimated that the Republican campaign fund in 1896 was $16,500,000, and the Democratic $425,000.

Mr. Hanna visited New York. He did not need to impress the captains of finance with the importance of defeating Mr. Bryan. They were already sufficiently worried. Every bank was assessed one-quarter of 1 per cent of its capital, and the sums were paid gladly, for there was no telling how much capital they would have left if Bryan should be elected, according to their fearful view of his demagoguery. The insurance companies also contributed liberally to Hanna's educational fund, and the Standard Oil Company gave $250,000.

"Mr. Hanna always did his best to convert the practice from a matter of political begging on the one side and donating on the other," wrote Herbert Croly, his biographer, "into a matter of systematic assessment according to the means of the individual and institution." Mr. Croly also claims that the size of the Republican fund has been greatly exaggerated, and that the audited accounts revealed that the campaign committee collected less than $3,500,000, of which "a little over $3,000,000 came from New York and its vicinity, and the rest from Chicago and its vicinity."

Mark Hanna waged what was called an educational campaign. It was estimated that the Republicans sent out 120,000,000 pamphlets, mainly on the currency question. In Hebrew, in German, in French, in Italian, and in Scandinavian languages, pamphlets and leaflets were thrown about the country arguing against the free silver agitation. About 275 different pamphlets were written and distributed.

Country newspapers received three and a half columns of propaganda every week. Carloads of cartoons, posters, and buttons were shipped about the country. To counteract Bryan's statements against perfidious Albion, the Republicans issued a pamphlet called How McKinley Is Hated in England. Most of the Republican literature had the same theme; namely, that if Bryan were elected business men might as well shut up shop, laborers and their families would starve to death, widows and orphans would lose their bank deposits, and farmers' crops would rot in the fields.

From Puck, October 14, 1896

Altgeld, the Tammany tiger, and Ben Tillman supporting Bryan. The tiger was played up against him as it was last fall against Al Smith.

ONE large silk manufacturer paid his employees, who had been Democrats, in Mexican dollars, to indicate what a silver dollar would be worth. When the employees found they could get only fifty cents for each silver Mexican dollar, they decided to be good Republicans and vote for McKinley. Near election day other employers of labor put up signs on their factories announcing to employees that they need not return to work after election day if Mr. Bryan were elected: *Verbum sap.* and Q. E. D. It was said at the time that the insurance companies, which had agents in the farming districts, sent them instructions to inform farmers whose mortgages were held by the companies that if McKinley were elected they could have extensions of their loans at low rates of interest. The news-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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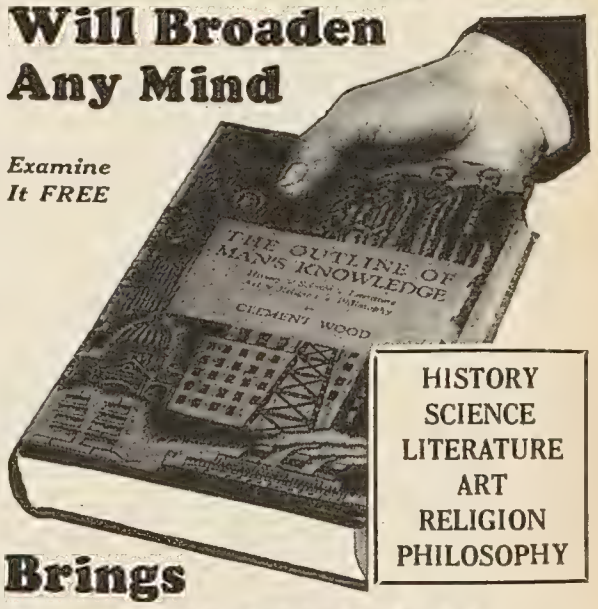

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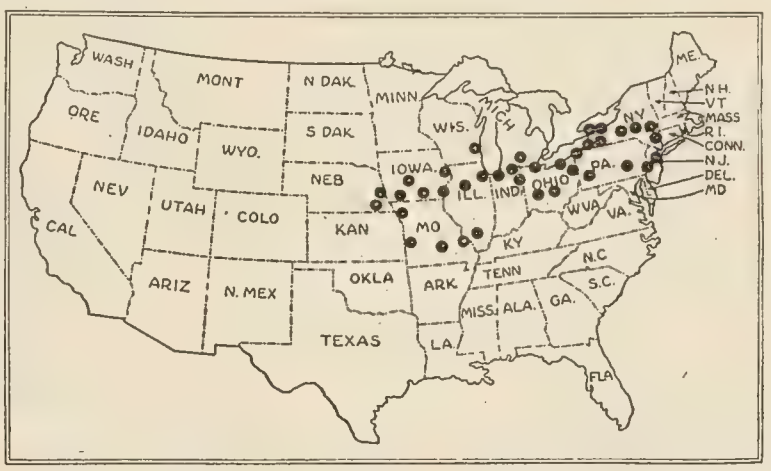
[BRYAN
Continued from page forty-one]

papers announced contracts made by companies for improvements and materials contingent upon the election of McKinley and the defeat of Bryan. Champ Clark wrote in his memoirs: "The only time in my life that I was ever flatly refused credit was one day when I asked a bank to cash a draft for ten dollars to go some distance to make a speech for Bryan."

The Republicans had an army of 1,400 campaign speakers, who were rushed into every district where it looked as if Bryan might be successful, and they were accompanied by tons of reading matter. McKinley himself refused to tour the country in the undignified manner of his opponent, and therefore the campaign committee decided that the country must come to McKinley, and it paid the expenses. Several times each week during the campaign special trains filled with McKinley admirers pulled into Canton, Ohio. The joyous pilgrims marched from the station up to McKinley's house. McKinley came out on the front porch. The chairman of the visiting delegation made a short speech, sometimes not nearly short enough, and then McKinley answered it with thanks and arguments.



Bryan covered this territory in 1896, on the first and second of his four unprecedented speaking tours.

The trains which bore the delegations to Canton were draped in yellow bunting. Each man and woman wore a yellow badge, and some had yellow flowers and caps, so there might be no mistake about their desire for gold.

In Chicago in October the Republicans held a parade in which delegations of broommakers carried gold brooms and stockyard workers wore capes of cloth of gold—made of paper. The same night the Democrats held a parade in which a row of sheeted ghosts marched through the crowded streets bearing this explanatory banner: "Murdered in Pennsylvania by Carnegie."

THE greatest gold demonstration, however, took place in New York City on Saturday, October 31, a few days before election day. Every profession and business was represented by marchers and floats and banners. The silver men admitted that 80,000 men took part in the parade, and the gold men doubled the number. The New York Herald counted 99,195 men in the parade. It was the largest parade held since the men of the Union Army marched in Washington after the Civil War. Early in the morning the head of the procession arrived at the reviewing stand in Madison Square, and the tail of it did not reach there until half-past 6 in the evening.

Many of the paraders wore yellow chrysanthemums; delegations of fruit men carried oranges to indicate their money preferences, and the members of the Produce Exchange carried sheaves of golden wheat. Little gold bugs were sold on the streets, and one delegation of marchers wore large gold bugs as epaulettes. "The insurance men," said the official account of the parade, "wore gold medals covering half their chests, and gold bugs on their trousers legs, which flapped their wings for two minutes every time they were screwed up." The dry-goods men headed their procession with a boy dressed entirely in yellow and wearing a clown's cap, bearing the legend "Hully Gee!"

The delegation of the Bankers' and Brokers' Sound Money Associations consisted of 5,000 men, and one line in the parade represented to the New York Journal "a combined fortune of nearly $30,000,000, with Mr. G. P. Morisini at one end and Isidor Wormser at the other."

Late at night there were rival Bryan and McKinley meetings in Madison Square, and the crowds exchanged arguments, then jeers, insults, and finally blows, until the police arrived and drove them away. "Each party," wrote Steevens, "accuses the other of provocation, but the real instigator of the riot was whisky on an empty stomach."

Meanwhile, Bryan was making his spectacular speaking tour of the country. To an immense crowd on Boston Common he quoted Wendell Phillips, Emerson, and Whittier.

AT Yale University children broke up Mr. Bryan's meeting by singing, shouting, and yelling, "Rah, rah, rah, Yale!" Bryan stopped speaking and ended the meeting, but he got angry first and told the students, "I have been so used to talking to young men who earn their own living that I hardly know what language to use to address myself to those who desire to be known, not as the creators of wealth, but as the distributors of wealth which somebody else created."

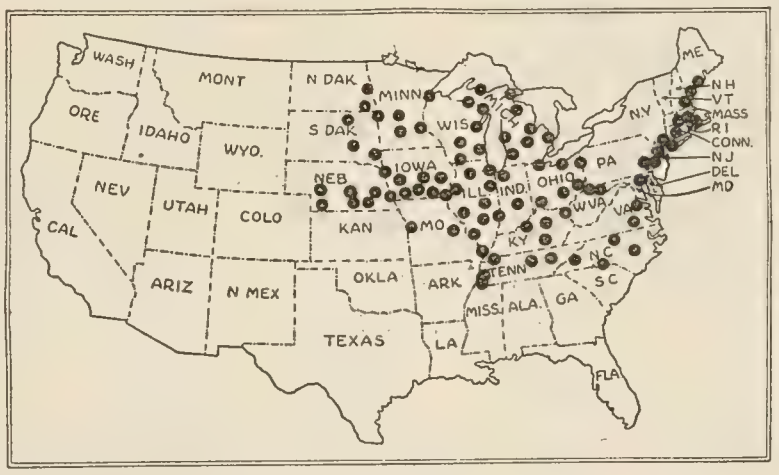
A mass meeting of the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, and Seminole Indians, held in Indian Territory, adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we contemplate with deep regret the recent insulting treatment of William J. Bryan by students of a college in the land of the boasted white man's civilization, and we admonish all Indians who think of sending their sons to Yale that association with such students could but prove hurtful alike to their morals and their progress toward the higher standard of civilization."

Two boys in New York were arrested for throwing eggs at Mr. Bryan, but they were released on his recommendation.

In other parts of the country, however, Bryan was received with great enthusiasm. The Beattyville Enterprise, a newspaper published in the Kentucky mountains, printed this lyric on Bryan, which the writer composed after he had heard Bryan speak to 50,000 people at the fair grounds:

"Such a radiant countenance, such a noble, manly bearing, such majestic, godlike tread, never enchained their eyes before. In form and features perfect, with force of character and honesty of purpose, impressed by the great Creator on the most serious and supremely earnest face we ever saw, with 'head and shoulders like a god,' this man of destiny, this deliverer of the people, swayed the vast multitude with his eloquence and enraptured them with his matchless presence. We do not hesitate to say that we believe Mr. Bryan to be the greatest and most remarkable human being we ever saw, and if the worlds and universes which follow the courses fixed by nature do not slip a cog he will be the next President."



On his third and fourth tours, Bryan treated this much of the nation to samples of his eloquence.

(Copyright, 1929, by M. R. Werner.)

Bryan's first defeat for the Presidency; his Spanish War service as a colonel of Nebraska volunteers; his wily promotion of the "imperialism" issue for the campaign of 1900; his second nomination, campaign, and defeat, will be recounted in next week's Liberty.

Winter Vacation

A New For the Love o' Lil

WHITE skyscraper towers flirted with the clouds. A faraway slit of blue hung above dim street cañons. Traffic lights flashed like sunshot rubies and emeralds. Cops' gigantic gloved hands flapped with seal-like grace. The rumble of subways. Cries of *Extra!* Squeaks of brakes. And the underground, on the ground, overhead tremble which is New York's own 1929 throbbing pulse!

Lil and Sandy had been there for three thrilling breathless days, on their way to Florida. But not as ordinary metropolitan mortals. Their hired eight-cylinder Ritz-Ritz with silvery hood was the envy of every street cleaner. Poor pavement pounders blinked at the shining hubs. Broadway theater magnates stared at Lil, wondering if her ankles were dainty or Amazonian. And many a mother of six dropped her lower jaw when she saw Antoinette, little Ulysses' nurse, who called Lil *madame* and Sandy *monsieur!*

This week's cover picture.

"Some car I seen today," an old woman who lived in a flat told her red-suspendered husband. "Filled with rich bugs swellin' up the Avenoo. They got everything, we got nothin'—ho, ho, ho!" And she scraped her toil-worn thumb nail over her chipped enamel pan.

It did seem as though Lil and Sandy had everything: $500,000, plus $25,000 to be spent on pleasure alone inside of five years! Never again would Lil handle a darning egg, bother to have shoes resoled, manicure her own nails, wear a hat more than seven times, sit in a theater balcony, take a street car, or bathe the baby.

"I didn't know how hard it was to spend real money," she sighed. "Goodness knows it was easy enough to spend your old salary, but a windfall like this is enough to wear a girl out."

She removed the $800 price mark from her new beaver coat, rang for a musical comedy bell hop, and Sandy tipped him a dollar to stagger away with the box.

"I'm glad my six weeks' leave of absence went through O. K.," Sandy said. He removed the $750 price mark from his new raccoon, kicked the wrappings under the chaise longue, and vaulted over it. He felt very light, due to all silk underwear. "Gosh, I need a rest!"

He did look rather emaciated, due to having opened forty speculation invites from various stockbrokers.

"Don't you dare fool with our half million," Lil had warned. "Of course, we could do better than six per cent, but we'll just keep it where Uncle U. left it. I'm going to order a miniature painted from one of his old photos. That'll be a good reminder to keep right on top of your desk at home."

"*Où prenons nous le chemin de fer?*" Antoinette asked, rolling her black eyes in the taxi on the way to the station.

"Fer?" Sandy said. "Fer? Oh, ferry! We're not taking a ferry to Florida. We're going by train." And he bowed a bit too intimately Lil thought.

"Grape Fruit Limited! Grape Fruit Limited!" the redcaps were all yelling. "Grape Fruit—great scot, looka!"

For Lil and Sandy were attracting real attention. Beaver, raccoon, luggage, golfsticks, and that smiling little bluebird perched upon Antoinette's arm. Their winter vacation!

NOTE: The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by John J. Verholm, 1133 East Fifty-fifth Street, Chicago, Ill. An award of $50 has been sent to Mr. Verholm.

(Next week's cover adventure: Southern Skies)

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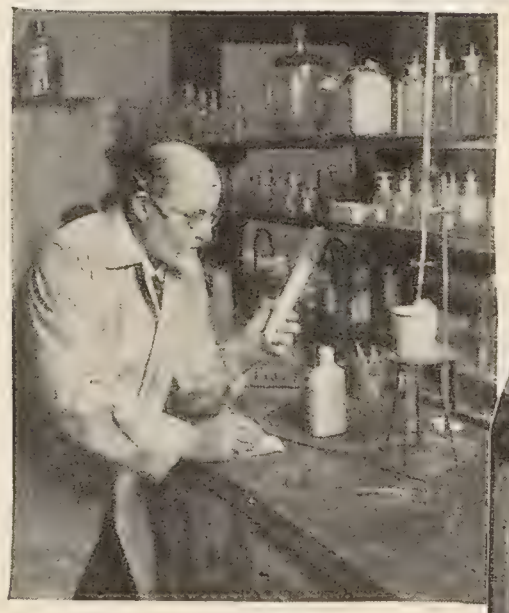

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Vox

Just Among Us Bachelors

FLOYDADA, TEX.—Say, that bird who signed his letter "Selfish, Unhurried Bachelor" rang a true note when he recently wrote about these happily (?) married men who have to work like the devil, and rush through life to an untimely end.

The time has come when we must arise and defend our rights as humans. Those scheming females have done enough to we poor bachelors now.

Oh, I'll admit that we are single largely because we are too ugly, or else too lazy to get out and win a pretty miss. Still, I ain't seen the girl yet that I would give up everything for.

I ain't got no one to bring papa's shoesies at the end of a hard day, but, by gum, I ain't got no one to feed, nor buy silkens for, neither! When I want a new suit, I go get it. I have a new car, paid for, and go to a few shows, read a whole lot, go to Old Mexico or Kansas City if I want to—and I don't have to rush.

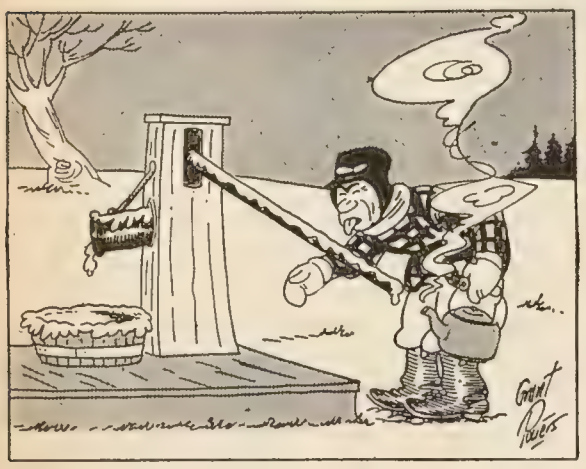
And another thing. If I had a wife, I'd worry about what she was up to when I was away from home. But, now, I know the iceman won't bother anything but the beer.

Boy, put 'er there! Us bachelors has sure got to stick together!—*Another Bach.*

We Tried It, and We've Never Cared for Cold Tongue Since

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Surely enjoyed "My Home Town," by Clarence Budington Kelland. Most of the details sounded very familiar, as I spent my childhood days in Michigan also.

Just one thing I missed. Did Mr. Kelland forget about the cold winter mornings when the first one out had to carry a kettle of boiling water to the



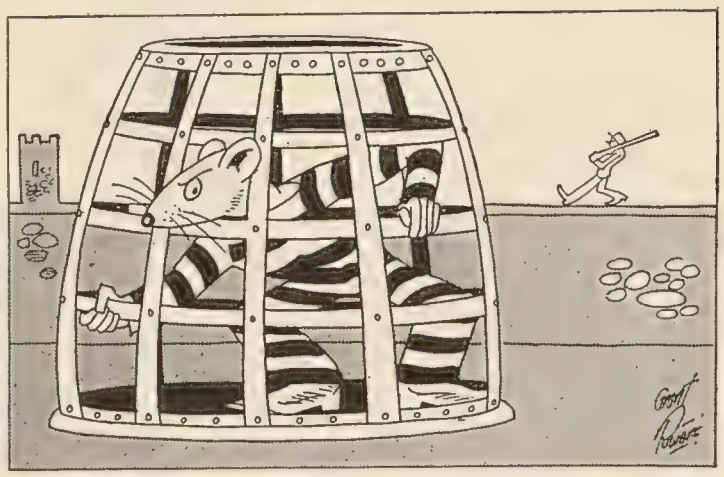
corner pump to thaw out the works? Br-r-r! What a memory.

And did the candy appearance of the thin coat of ice on the pump handle ever tempt him to stick his tongue on it to find out whether or not it *was* candy? Ouch! What a memory!!—*Ruth E. De Baer.*

Another Illusion Shattered

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As an ex-convict, I have often wondered if the editors of the sundry magazines realize the great harm they are doing society by running these so-called crook or underworld stories.

Close and hateful association in prison with these so-called superminds, or master crooks, has revealed to me that



there is no such thing as "honor among thieves," neither is there any personal bravery, or stoicism, or any of the much vaunted (by fiction writers) personal attributes portrayed in these stories.

Without any exceptions, all of these hard-boiled inmates are mean little rats, who will sell the life of their best pal for a measly little favor, such as a little better prison food, or an easier job, or a better pair of shoes.

I was personally associated with a crook who was shot to death attempting to escape, and I know that at heart he was a rat and a yellow, cowardly cur. Still, the daily press and the magazines featured him as a bad, bold, and fearless man.

As a first offender (a victim of ten years' blackmail) and embezzler of bank funds, I was thrown into contact with the scum of this state's prisons, and if LIBERTY dared to publish what I could write the world would be shocked at the perversion and depravity which exist among these horrible specimens of humanity.

This letter will be mailed from another city, so that you will be unable to trace me; thus I protect myself against reprisals from the underworld.—*A Reformed Ex-Convict.*

Why Lovingly?

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Your last issue was so punk the family all got sick. We gave it to the pup to play with. Lovingly.—*J. F.*

P. S. Our pup died last night.

He Doesn't Seem Pleased

DANVILLE, ILL.—I have been opposed to the liquor trade all my life. However, since the Volstead act went into effect, and I have seen the results of it, I have turned *wet!*

I travel out of St. Louis for a hardware house, and that gives me an opportunity to see more of the ravages that prohibition is working on the American people than the average man can know about.

Prohibition is the rock upon which America, as an independent republic, must founder, unless it is overruled and done away with.

Prohibition has wrecked more homes, cost more lives, stirred up more actual misery and suffering than did the World War.

And there has never yet been one semblance of real prohibition to be found in a town of over ten thousand on the American continent.—*Gordon W. Granger.*

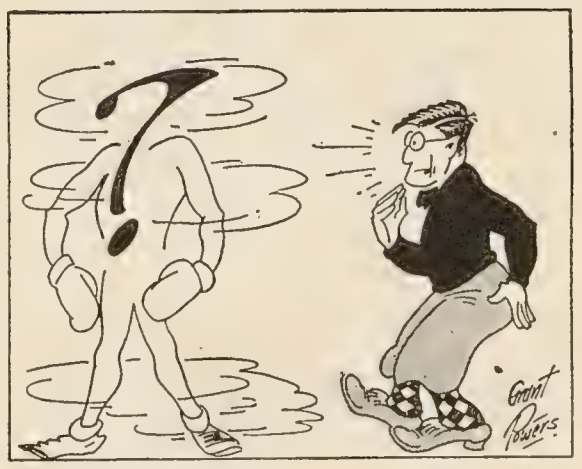
Who Wants to Know?

BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Will you kindly tell me when you are going to start publishing a real, sure enough magazine and cut out the apple sauce?—*John.*

Maybe Paul's Prejudiced

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I'd like to take Gene Tunney to pieces and see his works and wotinell makes him tick. Looks like he goes on the notion that if you tell a newspaper man a lie, it isn't a lie at all, but just a whopper in line of duty.

That's about all I extracted from



"The Enigma Called Tunney," by Paul Gallico.

What is this man Tunney, anyway? A cross between Noah Webster and a gorilla, or a human question mark with boxing gloves on?—*M. Hunter.*

See Pages 7, 28, 49

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Have a heart and dig up some honest-to-gosh short stories, and don't let these long-winded "continued stories" writers keep fooling you. Unless they are really good, give them the air.

Now, I don't want to have to speak to you again about this.—*Bill.*

Pop

As Navy Men to Navy Man

TORONTO, CAN.—Re your article, "Reminiscences of a German Submarine Commander," by Ernest Karl Becker. Did he really see torpedo nets drifting about in the sea after being shot away or discarded as useless by the British ships?

As these nets are made of steel wire and all their fittings are of steel wire hawser on solid steel booms, why didn't they sink?

Maybe they were special nets set to catch some of those big fish he saw.—*Old Torpedo Man.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"Reminiscences of a German Submarine Commander," by Ernest Karl Becker, was a corking good article.

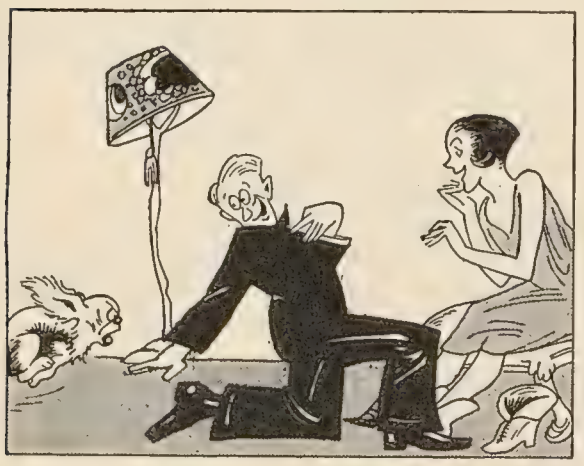
It gave the facts from the German angle in a remarkably unbiased manner.

The part played by the sea forces in the World War has not received the same degree of publicity as that given to land and air conflict.

Give us some more good naval articles. They will stimulate interest in the U. S. navy, which is still our first line of defense.—*Stuart W. Pierson, ex-radio operator, U. S. N., '17-18.*

It's All Right With Us

PORTLAND, ME.—I sure did hit the ceiling when I found the following in that article, "Mrs. Grundy Is Dead," by



Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins: "Yes, a man should put on a girl's overshoes for her—"

Suffering cats! Any time I get down on my knees and put a dame's rubbers on for her, I'll give her leave to sic her pet lapdog on to my undefended rear.

I'd do a lot to get a wife, but blamed if I'd do *that.*—*Harry.*

Our Pages Are All Full Now

SEATTLE, WASH.—Why not devote a page to short biographies of your authors and a list of their previous works, so we readers may obtain them if we so desire?—*Mrs. F. Witman.*

Yes

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I was fascinated by that article about a woman animal trainer called "Tiger! Tiger!" by Grace Robinson.

The nerve of that woman, and the risks she has run!

But the thing that made Mable Stark seem really human to me was when I read that she is scared to death of mice.

Hobnobbing with tigers and afraid of mice!

I suppose she would jump right on the back of a tiger in a fit of fright if she saw a mouse on the floor. Funny? Don't you *love* it?—*Ann C.*

Appreciation

MIAMI, FLA.—I have just finished reading "Trail Tang," by H. Stewart Sar, but the tang was not of the trail.

What a nightmare your writer must have had to vision such a startling creature as his wild horse! Shades of Troy! And the hobo horse marine who walked after a wild horse for days and days, carrying a sack of barley and a throat full of melody. And the two playing "you chase me" until, finally, the horse ate from the horse marine's hand and aided him to mount and dismount from his back. Horseradish!

And when the horse marine became *hors de combat,* the horse helped him to mount and dashed over hill and dale to the nearest habitation in a blinding storm. The horse must have been an ass!

And a horse-faced Mexican nursed and fed the horse marine and horse respectively for months, and the horse gave them all the horse laugh and ended up in a mares' nest.

You say it, LIBERTY—I'm too hoarse! —*G. L. L.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Trail Tang," by H. Stewart Sar. Ouch! Can he tell a horse from a cow? It's hard to conceive of a hobo carrying enough barley over a desert to feed a horse for a week, when he has no food for himself and only water from shallow alkali springs to drink.

This story brought to mind an experience of mine in the middle of the Mohave Desert. I had trained a fourteen-foot rattlesnake to guide me over the wastes, but it turned against me. Just as it raised its head, ready to sink its fangs into my arteries, a wild blue-green mustang leaped out of the sagebrush and, quick as a flash, kicked the rattler's head completely off.

The horse and I wandered for seventeen weeks over the dry, hot alkali desert. My water supply evaporated. I was dying of thirst. But the mustang plucked a buttercup from a hedge of beautiful flowers and, scooping up gallons of pure, cool, refreshing dew, gave me a drink. He then gently but firmly lifted me, with his mouth, upon his back.

This accomplished, he sprang through the air at lightning speed and soon landed me in the heart of a city, near a soap factory.

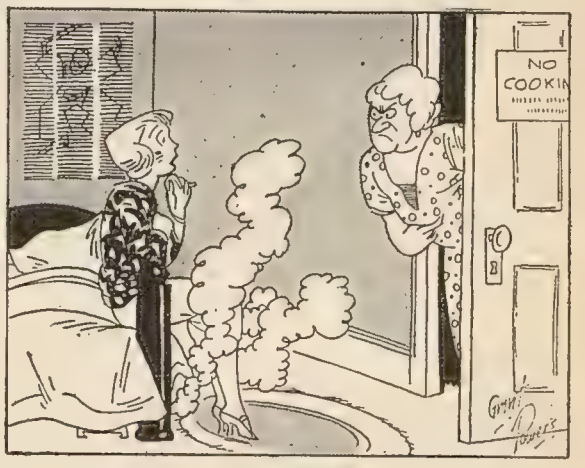
As a further token of his kindness, he walked into the factory, where he was promptly made up into soap, which I am using because of its extreme freshness and purity.

Give us some stories that could be possible!—*Geo. C. Custer.*

When a Hall Bedroom Is Home

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That story by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, called "Saving Up," hit me hard, because, like the heroine of that tale, I have been trying to make something I can call a home out of a small single room in the heart of New York City.

You see, I live in one of those doleful places near Ninth Avenue that has a "Furnished Rooms" sign hanging on its dingy brownstone front. Sometimes I can't scrape together money enough to buy a meal in a restaurant. A few days ago I was cooking "dinner" on a small alcohol stove, and heard the landlady coming down the hall. I quickly shoved



the stove under the bed, and sat down on the bed.

But—worse luck—I was horrified to see wisps of smoke curling up around my legs—and so was the landlady! Some of my dinner was burning.

Yes, it's tough on a girl if she lives in a counterfeit home.—*Dottie.*

The Next War

How It Looks to One Who Fought Before and May Fight Again

By Richard Carroll

Underwood & Underwood photo

A Hawker Hawfinch, one of Great Britain's latest type of fighting planes.

THE world being what it is, I am more or less interested in what will happen to me as an individual when the next call to arms is heard in the land. Shall I join the infantry, the artillery, the air service, the cavalry—they're still training cavalry at West Point—or will it be the navy?

I can see little use for the infantry. During the last war the job the infantry fitted into best was runner-up, or messenger, for the artillery. The artillery blew up the works and the infantry went over to pick up the pieces.

I think that when reflection boils down conflicting claims, it will be found that the artillery shot the duck and the infantry retrieved it. As for hand-to-hand engagements between opposing infantry, that was in the earlier and more awkward days. The boys soon found their error and dug in.

On top of this comes the thought that infantry will take no part in the next war—always provided, of course, that the next war delays its coming fifteen or twenty years when the airplane has had time to sprout a whisker or two. Obviously, if fighting is to be done in the skies, there will be little use for the men on the ground.

There being no infantry to dig into trenches, there will be little need for artillery to shell them out. That would eliminate artillery from consideration. The cavalry could still furnish military police. The navy and the air force remain.

Now, if it had been France sending over with serious intent the flock of planes that theoretically wiped out London in the recent maneuvers, what would the British navy have done about it? What could it do? Britain boasts the slickest navy in the world. But it does seem as though the master of the air were capable of handling any kind of mistress.

I think that not even the plumed admirals who consider Annapolis the seat of all naval wisdom could explain how a battleship would stand up under an attack by a squadron of airplanes armed with 2,000-pound torpedoes, any one of which would, if properly directed, send her down among the fishes.

The truth is, the old conservative naval heads have found one bad fault with airplanes. They sink battleships. No old-timer will forgive that. For when a battleship goes down under the feet of an admiral one swell job goes with it.

NOW, one can feel a certain sympathy with that attitude. These veterans have been trained to regard the battleship as the last word in fighting efficiency. Also, it is no easy matter to relinquish a job that carries with it a certain minor godship. Where in all the world can an admiral feel more important than aboard his ship with a few thousand souls committed to do him honor and obey? His private yacht is a $25,000,000 city of steel. He is lord of all he surveys. Small blame if he hates the bugs that fly overhead to annoy him, to sting him, and eventually to obliterate him!

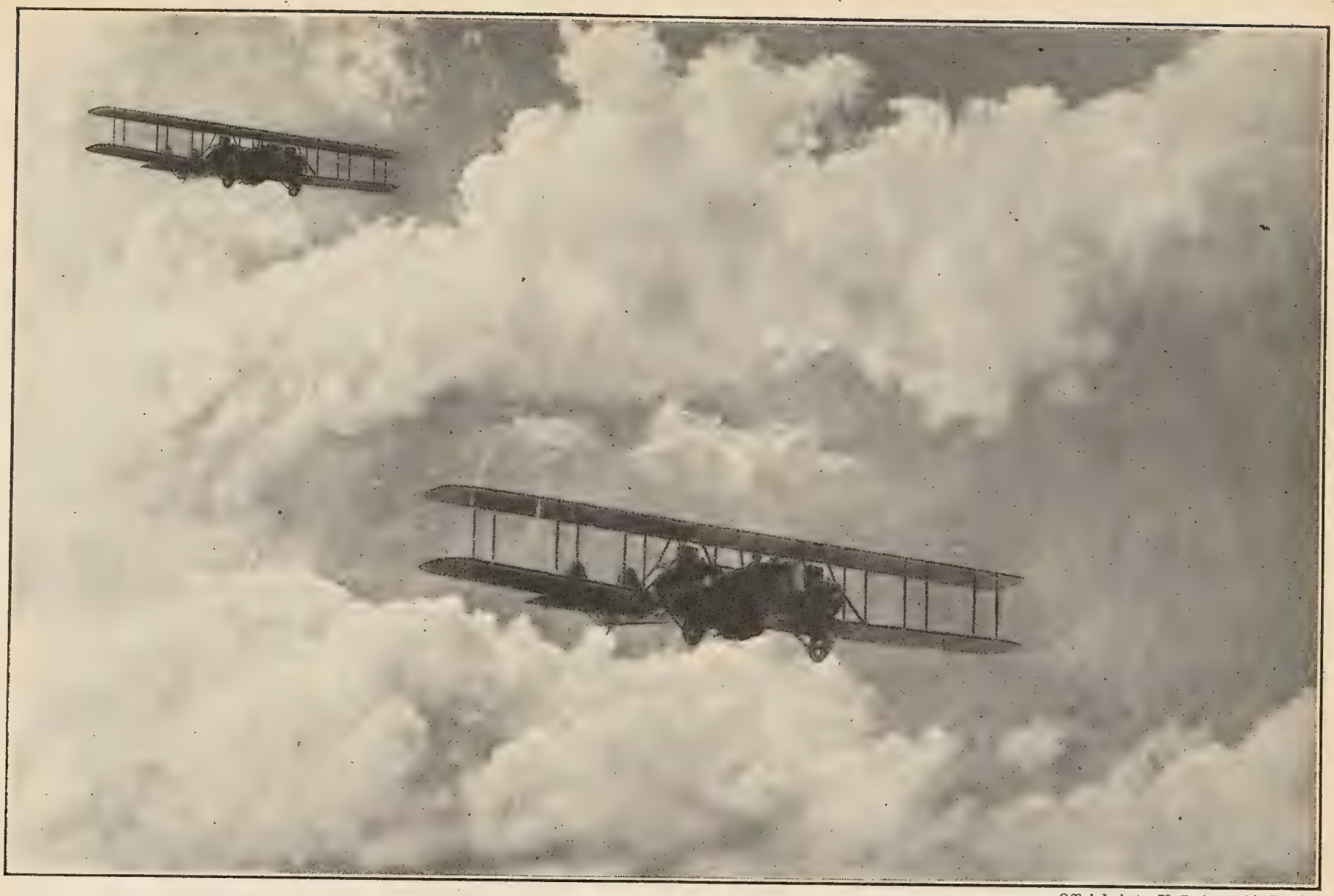
The airplane in the World War did not prove a very great menace. Attacks were launched by British and Germans against the home folk, and the net result was a few churches destroyed, a few citizens frightened.

Well, the first automobile, the first 1,000, aye, the first 100,000, did not make life miserable for the pedestrian. But try any busy street in New York or Chicago or Bingville today.

Of course airplanes did not loom large in the last war. There were not enough of them. But if five or six airplanes could make it hot for the residents of a few city blocks in 1918, 5,000 or 6,000 would give an entire district something to think about in 1948. What 50,000 or 60,000 could do I leave to someone of a bloodier mind.

It is further said that airplanes find it difficult to hit ground targets. Nonsense. Tell that to the aviators who required a scant seven minutes to sink the unsinkable Alabama. In that comic affair the naval chiefs contended the ship went down from a lucky hit through one of her stacks. General Mitchell, then striving for a separate air service, contended that his men blew the side out of the giant. The death shot hit the water forty yards from the ship.

It is significant that the navy did not raise the ship then to settle the question. Some months ago she was quietly taken up and towed to a naval yard. No report was given out by naval officers as to the damage done. It



Official photo, U. S. Army Air Service

Martin bombing planes of the United States air force, which can spread untold destruction with their missiles.

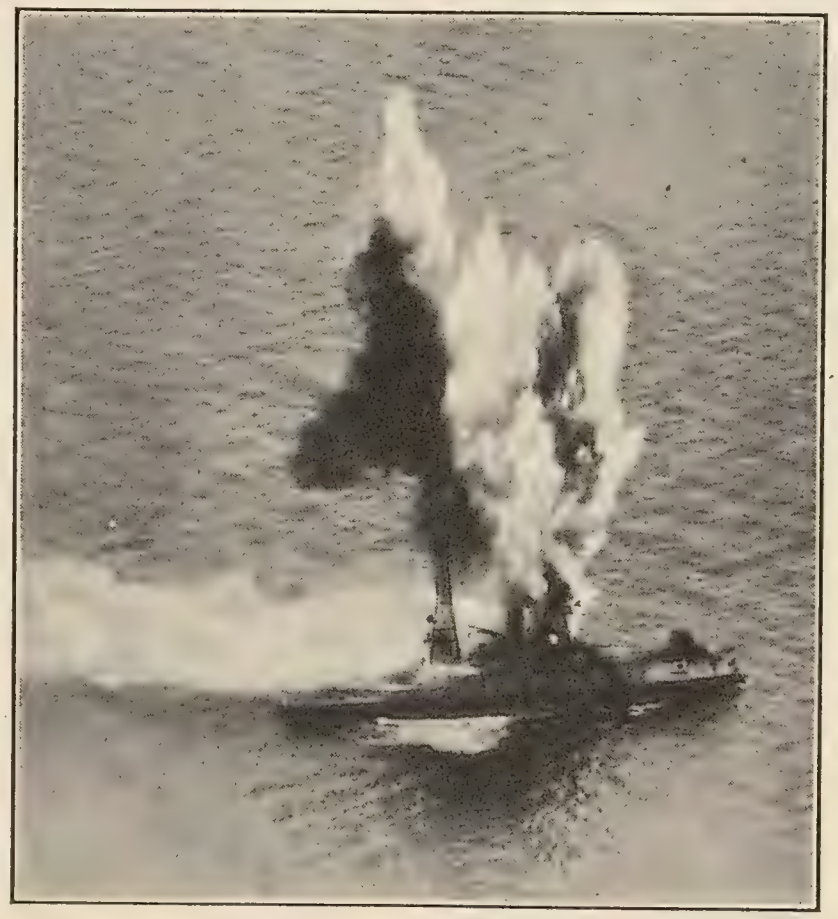
was found, however, that a hole about fifty by seventy feet had been blown in her side. Mitchell was right.

This does not establish the case, of course. But this I know: when the Germans thought it advisable to remind us there was a war in progress and sent airplanes over as remembrance, the men resting in tents and dugouts behind the lines didn't relish the souvenirs they dropped. Once I stood with 2,000 others on the square in Poperinghe, Belgium, when a lone German plane dropped out of the clouds and blew half the gathering as high as himself. Then the bombing German came down to look over his handiwork. Machine guns were turned on him, plenty of them. He returned the fire. One man against the balance of the 2,000. Well, he may yet be alive to snicker at this. Many of the boys who disputed his supremacy are not.

IT wasn't an isolated case. Many times marching infantry has been driven in dismay to the cover of near-by fields by a lone aviator. The damage a machine gun can do when fired point-blank from fifty feet up at oncoming columns is no matter for theorizing.

Naturally enough, the substance of this whole outpouring is a plea for more attention to the air service. Just now our air forces are under the command of infantry and naval officers. They can hardly be sympathetic. If this thing called an airplane is going to play even a small part in the next war, it seems but fair that its development should be in the hands of men who understand it, who know it, and who appreciate it.

An indifferent manager in private enterprise would last as long as his boss was ignorant of his shortcomings. It takes enthusiasm, of one kind or another, to succeed. Trite enough but true. The present chiefs who rule the future of military aviation are not aviators. Many of them—most, in fact—have never flown in a ship.



Official photo, U. S. Army Air Service

What happened when a 2,000-pound demolition bomb exploded near the U. S. S. Alabama during peacetime tests with the scrapped warship.

Here comes the gist of my whole complaint. It seems to me that it would not be a wrong idea to take from the navy some of the three hundred odd million dollars donated yearly by ourselves, and turn some of it—a major portion—loose on some airplanes, flying fields, and airplane carriers.

When one considers that a few thousand dollars' worth of airplane can sink $25,000,000 worth of battleship in short order, there remains no reason why more battleships should be built, or why obsolete ships should be kept on an overburdened expense account. Or, if one must have battleships, why should that leave aviation to suffer?

When a private bank begins to garner riches, its growing affluence is witnessed by additional methods for physical protection against robbery. We, the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

richest nation on earth, can afford just a little more than the other fellow for the protection of our goods—our homes.

The answer, then, is more money for defense—or offense if you feel hotheaded—and more of that money for aviation.

Take the airplane carrier. The navy has two of them—and why just two only the Disarmament Conference and Great Britain can tell. It appears we promised not to build any more of a certain size—the most effective size.

The airplane carrier does not properly belong to the navy. These beautiful ships, the Lexington and Saratoga, are simply and solely flying fields, floating flying fields. They belong to aviation, and are the navy's gesture to the importance of aviation.

Instead of two, we should have twenty. Instead of being the tail end of the fleet, they should be the axle around which the fleet would revolve until such time as the fleet takes its proper place at the foot of the list of important weapons, or is consigned to the junk heap.

THE airplane carrier is a modern development. Airplanes need bases from which to operate. When fighting is done in foreign lands, airplanes must have supplies at hand. They need to carry their base with them. The airplane carrier solves the problem. She goes with them, mothering a nest of them. For her own protection, or for her attack on battleships, she has speed and, above all, airplanes. Hundreds of miles from the enemy, out of sight and range, she sends her planes to the attack.

Only enemy planes can menace her, and in seeking protection from this menace we find the anwer is to strike first, and strike hard.

In future wars of the skies victory must needs go to the fellow who gets there first. If cities are to be destroyed and a country paralyzed, it is apparent that the fellow who first wipes out the opposition defends his own.

In summation, then, let it be said that this nation is entitled to defense; that the promises of other nations mean nothing when heavy interests are involved; that the lesson of 1914 should not be forgotten, with its broken treaties, its poison gas, its generally outlawed tactics used glaringly by all concerned; that if the Allies found effective means to withstand gas attacks, it was not until armies of her best men had died, and that no preventive can be obtained until the first attacks are delivered and analyzed; that then the horse has been stolen.

The best defense—indeed, almost the only defense—against the airplane is the airplane. We should develop this branch of the service to a point equal to that of any other nation. We are not doing this at present.

THE END

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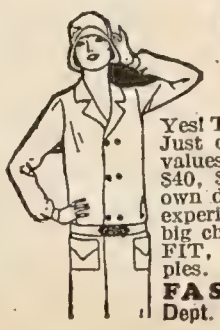

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"She says I acted like a 'crude schoolboy' in the presence of her guests—long-haired donkeys."

LIBEL

A Story to Make Sweet Women Smile and Brave Men Wince

By

MAE TINEE

DEAR Editor. And so forth. This is no sort of story to be sending a magazine editor, because it happens to be a true story about a magazine editor, and a lady who wrote a story for the magazine editor and three gentlemen who didn't like what the lady wrote, and told the magazine editor so.

It is also no story to be sending a magazine editor because it lets the public in on the fact that fiction is stranger than truth, which is not the way the saying goes. Only a brave editor would print this story. Only a fine, upstanding figure of an editor, whose sole motto is "Excellence! Let the checks fly where they may!" would dare to print it. I see him now—brow of a Napoleon, purpose of a Mussolini, efficiency of a Hoover, venturesome spirit of a Smith, originality of a Darwin, high ideals of a Plato, physique of a Tunney. . . . And so, dear sir, I am sending this to you.

It starts in the magazine editor's outer office. Three men and one woman were sitting there. Each man was hanging on to a magazine with both hands, and the woman—no, girl she was—is—was typewriting. Her name was—is—Miss Jennings, and she was—is—the editor's secretary. She'd asked the three men to tell her their names and their business as each came in, but they had refused.

"'S personal!" each one had said, and though Miss Jennings had had an outraged impression that she was being hissed at, she had accepted their decisions in her own gracious way. The editor was out. However, if they insisted, he would see them when he came in, for he was an approachable soul. But the callers stirred her curiosity, for, though they appeared not to know one another, they somehow or other presented a strangely unified front.

Even as she gazed at them through lashes that made her girl friends sick with envy, they fell into low-toned conversation. Miss Jennings cocked an ear and from then on became intensely intent. Also intensely irritated—and who can blame her?—for the one word "libel" fell on the air with clarion clearness, and after that all sounds were muffled. You see, the three scrooged their chairs close together, while a fishy eye turned occasionally in her direction intimated that she might go ahead and listen if she wanted to, for she wasn't hearing anything.

She wasn't. But I know what they were saying, you great, big, beautiful editor. How? Well, how do you suppose?

Anyhow, this is what they were saying:

"Cold weather we've been having."

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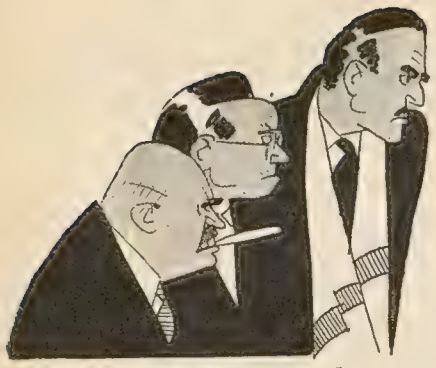

The callers somehow presented a strangely unified front.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

"Yes. But you don't mind the cold when you're hot under the collar."

"Mad, hey? You're in my boat, brother! I'm going to sue this sheet for libel!"

"You don't say! Here too!"

"So'm I!"

They scrooged their chairs together at this point and flopped open their magazines. At the same article.

"WellI'llbedamned!" they said.

"So you," said the long, thin man to the roly-poly one, "are Johnson."

"Yep. And you are Smith!"

"I am."

The saturnine looking fellow with a liver spot here and a liver spot there and an unlit cigar in his mouth that apparently tasted awful said:

"I am Babson. I grant I'm not 'a pretty sight in my cups,' nor did I always make enough to buy her 'hyacinths for her soul'; but I did give her plenty of bread and butter, and she never mentions that in her story. I have indeed 'relatives who try the patience to the snapping point' and who, I must admit, 'flocked to us like pigeons round a peanut stand'—unsolicited, however, by your humble servant.

"There are times, it is true, when I gave her, along with a piece of my mind, what I suppose might be described as 'floods' of the 'hideously uncouth and profane language' she refers to. But—all that has nothing to do with making me ridiculous in the public prints—with malice of forethought, mind you—and I am going to sue!"

"Tzzt! Tzzt! Bad! Bad!" the little fat man said with a bounce. "Well, I'm going to demand satisfaction for practically the same reason. Though she left me with a smile and said, 'We'll always be friends, Bill,' she was no doubt thinking, in that way of thinking she had, 'You wait, Crumb, I'll show you!'

"What if I did 'make the night hideous' with my snores? And refuse to take a bath every day?

"She says I acted like a 'crude schoolboy' in the presence of her guests—long-haired verse-writing donkeys—and 'deliberately' rocked on her cat. 'Deliberately' is too strong a word. I knew just about where the cat was, but not exactly. Anyhow, what I did while I was married to her was purely private and personal business, and it's not going to be hung out on the clothesline now. She got the divorce. She gets the sympathy and the alimony. But she's not going to get away with this!"

"WELL, I," mumbled the long, thin man, "shall object in the court to being called a liar.

"She claims I lied when I met her, lied when I married her, lied at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and upon all other occasions when I saw fit to open my mouth. She says I lied when I slept because half the time I wasn't asleep when I pretended to be. I might, however, have let that pass, but in addition, you note, she says I was so dumb that she 'endured me for five long years and prayed her God each night to stay her hand from murder'! Then, she says, one day she looked upon my face once too often, and in her divorce complaint charged cruelty because 'there is no greater torture than being bored to death'! Can you beat that?"

"Of course," Mr. Smith said, "it is anonymous . . ."

"In name only!" snapped Babson. "No one could mistake the picture she's painted of me!"

"Me either," Johnson said. "Nobody!"

They hunched down into their collars and gazed indignantly at the door marked "Editor."

Right then a buzzer buzzed. Miss Jennings, scarlet with a concentration that had netted her nothing, untangled her eyelashes and sped to answer the call. She emerged to ask in dulcet tones, "Which one of you was first?"

The three rose as a man and replied as a man, "We will all go in together."

She let them in.

Miss Jennings cocked an ear and became intent.

The editor, a grave, kindly man with a gaze that was strangely disturbing for the reason that he was cockeyed, listened to their stories with no glorious morning face. A man of action! Even as they talked his finger sought the buzzer. And there was Miss Jennings peering at them all through her tangled lashes and smelling vaguely of heliotrope.

"If you please . . ." The editor took Babson's open periodical and handed it to her. "Kindly call the author at her hotel and ask her to step over here—if she hasn't already left town."

Babson, Johnson, and Smith shuffled their feet and looked dog-eyed. They had contemplated no face-to-face encounter with the woman who had done them wrong.

"A little patience, gentlemen," said the editor pleasantly. "Cigars?"

The callers smoked nervously and in silence while their host transacted odds and ends of business over the telephone. When the door at last opened they twitched and reddened and with watery eyes passionately regarded the rug.

"MISS FIRTH!" Miss Jennings announced, and disappeared, closing the door after her.

A brown little woman with bright, bird-glancing eyes tripped forward with small, quick steps. The editor, rising, greeted her cordially. To the men he said, "All of you are acquainted with this lady, I believe."

"They are not!" chirped the lady defensively.

"We are not!" corroborated Babson, Johnson, and Smith with relief.

"Well," the editor said, "you surprise me! Sit down, please, all of you. Miss Firth, don't ask me why, but will you please tell these gentlemen—pardon me—Mr. Babson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Smith!—I keep thinking you're all acquainted—just where you live and why you came to New York two months ago?"

"I don't care why," said Miss Firth snappily. "And I live in Texas. I came to New York because I sold you a story, and I wanted to spend the money I got for it seeing the sights. I wish I'd saved the money."

"The name of your story?"

"You gave it a silly name—I Married Three Times and Drew Seconds."

"And did you marry three times, Miss Firth?"

Miss Firth's razor laugh slit the air.

"Me? Miss Firth is the name, thank God! I know men—had dealings with the two-legged snakes all my life, all of them trying to marry me for my ranch! But I was wise!

"The only one I ever thought was all right fooled me worst of all. The day after I told him I'd give him his answer tomorrow, the sheriff rode up with a warrant for him. The slicker had two wives in Houston."

"So-o-o . . .!" crooned the editor sympathetically while Johnson, Babson, and Smith made half-witted sounds. "But how, Miss Firth, did you come to write that story?"

Miss Firth's eyes darted from one man to the other. She gave a fluff and a wriggle, like a sparrow in a dust heap.

"I wrote that story," she said relishingly after a moment, "because I hate men! And—no, there wasn't any imagination about it! All men are alike—and you can't tell me any different!"

THE END

Slaves of the SCALES

Consider the Jockey: If He Doesn't Starve, He Doesn't Eat!

By JOHN J. FITZ GERALD

"THEY'RE off!" the crowd shouts. A tense hush falls over the packed grand stand, lawn, and clubhouse while the closely bunched thoroughbreds swirl down the back stretch. The midget jockeys in bright silk jackets and caps make a moving jumble of color against a green background. Horses and colors swing around the far turn and race for the head of the stretch.

As they straighten out for the real race to the finish, two horses draw clear of the pack. A keen-visioned woman, catching sight of a brown cap over a light blue jacket on one of them, shrills: "Come on, you Workman! Come on, Sonny!"

A man near by spots a canary cap on the other front runner. "Oh, you McAtee! Bring him in, Mac! Get him home, boy!" he pleads.

Through the stretch the two thoroughbreds match stride for stride. Halfway down the straightaway a third horse comes from the pack with a great rush. Bit by bit he overtakes the leaders. "Fator! Fator! Fator!" is the chorused shout, as the red and white silks are recognized. "Atta boy, Laverne! You can do it! Come on!"

Jockeys plying whip and spur flash past the judges' stand, the drum of the hoofbeats drowned in the roar of the crowd. Horses, breathing hard, return to the pagoda; the jockeys dismount and lug saddle and equipment, a heavy burden for some of the little fellows, to the scales to weigh out. Then they return to the jockey quarters to get ready for another race.

All this is a daily happening during the meetings at Saratoga, Belmont Park, or the other courses in New York. With the names of the riders changed the scene would fit any race course of the United States.

When the day's sport is over, racegoers see a prominent rider whiz past them in his automobile and think Jockey So-and-So has a soft life. "Justa coupla hours' work a day," they say. "Climb up on a horse's back and drag down forty or fifty grand a year. That's the life of Riley. I wish I'd been born pint-sized."

But the undersized favorites of the turf are not to be envied. They earn fame and fortune, to be sure, yet once their weight exceeds 110 pounds, they must plan to quit as jockeys in this country. They are slaves of the scales morning, noon, and night. And all the while they do the work of strong men with their boys' bodies.

Daily News photo

Where ounces count: Clarence Turner on Storm King nosing out Sande on Mino.

P. & A. photo

Earl Sande weighing in before riding Zev to victory over Papyrus.

Because they must keep their weight down, successful jockeys have to lead the simple life. It's no life of Riley, either. They are in bed early and up to gallop half a dozen horses at sunrise. They do a good day's work before they don gaudy racing colors in the afternoon.

Likewise they shun the fleshpots—or they never arrive at the top. Or, if they do arrive and then take to dining well, the skids are soon greased for them.

Here is a menu that seems suitable for an invalid, a stout woman anxious to wear flapper's clothes, or a portly gent with youthful ideas. Instead it is the average bill of fare for jockeys in training:

Breakfast—Orange juice, with raw egg occasionally; toast; strong black coffee.

Lunch—None.

Dinner—Vegetables (except potatoes), but principally lettuce and spinach; beefsteak or lamb chop, to be chewed for the juice, but seldom swallowed; gluten bread; tea or strong black coffee.

Of course, there are physical freaks among the riders who do not find themselves getting heavier as the years go on. But most jockeys, by the time they are at the peak of their skill and have the rare judgment that is the product of wide experience, pick up weight and are

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SLAVES OF THE SCALES
Continued from page fifty-one]

forced into retirement while still young men. No wonder they are as much the slaves of the scales as brokers are of the ticker or women of the fashions.

Many a star jockey has gone to bed hungry when he has had to make a certain low weight. "Sonny" Workman, who came into prominence in 1927 as the contract rider for the powerful H. P. Whitney stable, is already facing the ordeal of the scales. Unless he goes on a strict diet it is feared that he will eat himself out of the saddle.

Clarence Kummer, who rode Man o' War in many of the superhorse's greatest races, frequently had to half starve himself. Finally he became a nervous wreck from reducing. Alfred Johnson and Goldie Johnson, both formerly star riders, know what it is to go hungry often.

International photos

Jockeys weighing in at the Saratoga, New York, race track.

Nor do the scales permit jockeys in danger of adding weight to get off with near-starvation only. Many must do regular road work—jog their five miles and upwards a day. On top of this it is often necessary to pay frequent visits to Turkish baths and have the reluctant ounces steamed, sweated, and pounded off. While powerful cathartics are sometimes taken, Earl Sande, who finally surrendered to the scales himself, and many others consider such treatment too weakening.

The jockey's reward after winning: Pony McAtee up on Whiskery.

THE riders do their road work in tightly laced rubber suits that extend from neck to ankles. One or two sweaters and a couple of suits of woolen underclothes are generally worn over the rubber garment. Such equipment is just as hot and hard on the wearer as mediæval armor must have been.

If you don't think it's a tough job to step five or six miles in that outfit, try it sometime in July or August when the mercury is hitting ninety. You'll think your insides are burning up, and if you take a spell of such road work you'll be sure they are.

And jockeys who must resort to road work can't swill water. That would relieve the torture but undo all the benefit of losing a few ounces. They have to grin, bear it, and go on working. The inward fire continues to rage for as long as forty-eight hours at times. Seldom can it be quenched in less than thirty-six hours.

The weight scale is so arranged in this country that the less a capable jockey weighs the more he is in demand. The ideal weight is about 104 pounds. At that figure, with equipment, which is included in the poundage carried by horses, he can make 107 pounds. Silks, riding breeches, boots, saddle, blinkers, bridle, and other equipment weigh three pounds at a minimum. Once a boy weighs more than 109 pounds, his usefulness is limited. If he tips the beam at 109 he can actually ride at 112.

As an example, a typical midweek program at Saratoga shows this: Only two of twelve starters in the first race carried more than 112 pounds, one of these being weighted with 114 and the other with 119. The second race was a steeplechase, where weights are higher, so it can be eliminated. Two of five starters carried over 112 pounds in the third race, both having imposts of 122. Three of twelve were over 112 in the fourth event, with 125, 122, and 118 respectively. None of the four starters in the fifth carried as much as 112 pounds. Six of fourteen carried more than 112 in the last race, these imposts being 122, 119, two with 116 each, and the other two with 114 each.

While the scale of weights in European countries is about the same as here, the handicappers abroad actually pitch their weights higher and racing secretaries arrange the conditions of most of the events so that the heavier riders have plenty of opportunities. As an average, the weights range about ten pounds higher than here.

As J. E. Widener, president of the Westchester Racing Association and a sportsman who races a considerable string in France, told the writer, any jockey who can do 118 pounds is assured of plenty of mounts in that country. Mr. Widener was responsible for Alfred Johnson signing to ride for Jefferson Davis Cohn in France last year, the jockey agreeing to do 118. Johnson couldn't get half a dozen mounts a week here and was compelled last fall to try steeplechase riding.

His career abroad was short. He did not meet with the expected success, and after a few mounts returned to the States.

Frequently a rider finds it necessary to get down to an absolute minimum weight in order to ride a horse in a big race for his contract employer. Johnny Maiben, who rides for Walter J. Salmon, and has had the leg up on Display in many of that iron horse's great races, found himself in that predicament at one Empire City meeting. Black Panther, like Display, one of Mr. Salmon's own breeding, won the New Rochelle Handicap at James Butler's track carrying 108 pounds. Maiben rode him, barely making the weight.

Black Panther was entered in the Scarsdale Handicap at the same track and scheduled to carry 102 pounds only four days later. The writer was among the many who were surprised when it was announced that Maiben would ride the colt. Maiben, though his frame would suggest a heavier boy, prefers to ride around 107 or 108. It didn't seem possible for him to sweat off six pounds in four days and still be strong enough to ride the Salmon horse. Tom Healey, trainer for Mr. Salmon, pleaded in vain with him not to attempt the feat. Healey feared the rider might seriously weaken himself.

MAIBEN went at his task doggedly. He ate little, used powerful cathartics, and spent his nights being well-nigh parboiled in the baths. He didn't get down to 102 pounds, but he did ride Black Panther to victory at 104½, two and one-half pounds overweight.

Fortunately for jockeys, the human body finally rebels against the steady assaults to break down tissue, and the riders quit American tracks. Otherwise more of them would dig their graves by strenuous reducing. The regular life they lead and the natural resiliency of youth seem to avert serious after effects.

Longevity tables would probably show that jockeys on an average live as long as other men. James Rowe, Sr., in charge of the millions Harry Payne Whitney has invested in his breeding farms and racing establishment, was a jockey in the seventies. Snapper Garrison, who, by his ability to put up a strong finish, put the phrase "Garrison finish" into the language in the eighties, is still active around the race tracks. Tod Sloan, George

International photo
Sonny Workman.

Odom, and Winnie O'Connor, all stars of nearly three decades ago, are hale and hearty. There are many others.

The weight scale has always been low in this country, robbing the sport of most of its star riders at a time when they should be at their best. There has been frequent agitation to raise the limit so that jockeys of experience and judgment can still have a field for their talents when they weigh in the neighborhood of 118 pounds. But nothing has come of it.

The scales here drove Fred Taral to Germany and Danny Maher to England years ago. Tod Sloan was the first American jockey to earn fame in England. He hobnobbed with royalty and fashion in his heyday in England. Skeets Martin and Maher followed him abroad and had long and successful careers as jockeys on the English race courses.

Taral, winner of many of the most important stakes in this country thirty years ago, found a lucrative field for his ability in Germany. He returned in 1914 and was training horses at the time of his death.

Lucien Lyne, who rode Savable to victory in the Futurity of 1902, when "Bet-a-Million" John W. Gates, his close friend John Drake, owner of the colt, and their friends won thousands of dollars in bets, went to Spain to break away from the shackles of the scales in America. Lyne, son of an old Kentucky family, won many important races abroad. He rode for King Alfonso of Spain and was on most friendly terms with that monarch.

FRANK O'NEILL was long the leading rider of France. Winnie O'Connor, Herman Radtke, Nash Turner, George Archibald, Jim Winkfield, Willie and Eddie Dugan, and Frank Keogh were among others to earn fame in the saddle abroad.

Johnny Loftus, who rode Man o' War in the Sanford Memorial at Saratoga in 1919, was another who had to go abroad because of increasing weight. He returned, but could accept mounts only when the weights were high.

Everett Haynes, rider of Omar Khayyam in the famous match race with Hourless at Laurel in 1917 and the pilot of Epinard, the French champion, in the international races of 1924, was another jockey who had to save his health by going abroad. He went to Germany, where he still is, and immediately became one of the leading riders.

Haynes was inclined to weight when at the peak of his form in this country. He rode the first horse the writer owned to victory in the first race in which my colors were ever up. That was at Saratoga in 1917. The horse was Top o' the Wave and Haynes had to do plenty of sweating in those days to make 110 pounds, the weight allotted to the colt. Tea and toast in scanty portions for breakfast, lunch, and dinner was his usual diet.

Furthermore he had to do regular road work, make frequent trips to the steam baths and rubbing table, and often take the drying-out cure. During a long association with him it was always a marvel to me how he managed to stand up under the strain. He was a lad of strong will power. When he found that he would have to resort to alcoholic stimulants for false strength, and that his health would soon be undermined, he went abroad for several years.

The temptation to drink hard liquor is strong when a jockey is reducing. The stomach craves something and spirits will not add to the weight.

Taken in moderation, alcohol has undoubtedly been a helpful stimulant to many jockeys. In the days before prohibition it was nothing unusual to see half a dozen riders during the Spa meeting run the four miles to

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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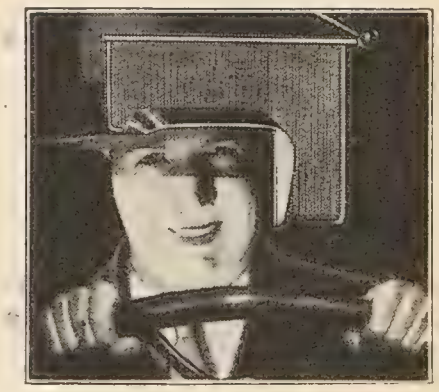

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LUCKY TIGER

[SLAVES OF THE SCALES Continued from page fifty-three]

Saratoga Lake, sit on the porch at one of the road houses there, sip a pint of champagne each, and then hit the road back to the race course, sweating the reluctant ounces from their slight frames.

Riders cannot let alcohol master them. Once they do, their careers are short-lived. I've known riders in the last twenty-five years who have had fame and fortune in their hands only to throw them aside because the constant grind of reducing drove them to drink. Perhaps they would have gone that way anyhow. But the scales are slave drivers and, after all, these midgets are only human—and, as a rule, very young.

Tod Sloan, a great jockey of yesterday.

Sande, Workman, Kummer, Johnson, and Lawrence Lyke are among the prominent riders who have been scale slaves in recent years. Sande was the last of them to give up the battle. He realized that a starvation diet and constant road work were sapping his health. There was plenty of iron in the make-up of America's long-time premier rider. Otherwise he never would have come back after the frightful fall he had at Saratoga in August, 1924, when he was thrown, badly trampled, and at death's door for days.

Kummer, considered by experts only slightly below Sande in ability, found it impossible to keep down to riding weight without going through a too-punishing course of reducing. He started the season of 1927 under contract with the Sagamore stable of Mrs. Margaret Emerson, society leader, but found he could not reduce enough, try as he would.

He worked himself close to a breakdown and had to let up in the early summer. He tried again with Max Hirsch and once more was unsuccessful. This broke his heart and he declared he was through with riding forever.

JOHNSON, another great rider, is one of the hardest road workers in the history of the turf. He handled Exterminator in many of that great gelding's stirring performances. His days of riding in flat races are now over in this country.

He had to don a rubber suit and hit the road every day when he was riding. Moreover, he could eat practically nothing.

Lyke, a sensational jockey a few years back, has been driven from the saddle by constant reducing. The scales ultimately got him. He would have made a fortune had he been ten pounds lighter.

Workman, the best rider developed in recent years, is now facing the big ordeal. The H. P. Whitney jockey was forced to reduce when he had ridden about a year and was not out of the apprentice class. He's one more slave of the scales, even if he does work for a multimillionaire and earn the salary of a bank president. His contract stipulates he must ride at 112 pounds.

Fortunately for racing, the scales do not take full toll from all riders. There's Johnny Callahan, long dean of American jockeys, who rode for twenty-five years and could still make less than 100 pounds when he decided to quit the saddle and become a trainer. He is a physical freak, for he never had to take strenuous road work to reduce or parboil his body to sweat off weight. He could and did eat what he pleased.

Pony McAtee, formerly chief rider for H. P. Whitney and W. R. Coe, and now riding for Marshall Field, Robert L. Gerry, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Averell Harriman, makes 107 pounds without difficulty. McAtee has yet to do his bit of road work. He is another of the lucky exceptions, in that his diet is not restricted. However, he leads the regular and simple life.

LAVERNE FATOR, rated by many as the equal of Sande in horsemanship, can also ignore the scales. He has ridden for the Rancocas Stable of Harry F. Sinclair, the oil magnate, for nine years.

Normally he rides around 108 pounds, although he has been known to hit the road on occasions when his employer desired him to make a lighter weight.

George Odom, now trainer for Marshall Field and R. L. Gerry, and a famous jockey of some twenty-five years ago, had as much difficulty as any rider, past or present, keeping down to weight. Finally he had to surrender to the scales or dig an early grave for himself.

"It's a great life," Odom says, "if you don't lead it too long. A good jockey can earn big money when he is only a kid. He can lay by a nest egg that will take care of him for life. But most of them have to pay in constant sweat for their living. They know their big earnings stop once they get out of the paperweight class.

"I remember losing a race on R. T. Wilson's Dolly Spanker twenty-five years ago because I was so weak from road work, baths, and a starvation diet that I couldn't keep my mount straight.

"I'd stack a jockey scales up against old Simon Legree himself in a slave-driving race. It wouldn't be any contest. The celebrated Simon would look as if he had been left flat footed at the post.

"I'm out of bondage now, but I was one of the slaves of the scales myself. Every jockey pays in sweat—and oftentimes torture—for the cheers he gets when the horses tear down the stretch in one of those thrilling finishes."

THE END

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

Anklin' Around with Uncle

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

All of a sudden Unk grabs the hostess by the neck and sinks a kiss on her pan.

DEAR MARG,

Well, this is the first time I had to exercise the fountain pen since you sent your dearly beloved Uncle to visit me. Oh, what a swell egg he tirned out to be. I got the note you sent and met him at the Grand Central. He had the sunflower in his button hole and had a straw valise in his left mit. He looked like somethin the cat dragged in from the Worlds Fair. There was no more chance of missin that guy than there would be of bein a shoplifter in a piano store.

I remember you tellin me to take care of him so that nobody would grab his dough or his watch. Thats a giggle! Anybody that could carry that Big Ben he wears for a week, could throw Strangler Lewis over the Eyefull Tower and I dont mean perhaps. He musta copped that Ingersoll from Westminister abbey. You also told me to show him the sights. What are you tryin to do? Kid the shock troups?

That guy showed me more things in the Wickid City in two days than a Tour manager saw in Paris in a lifetime. And not only that, what he did to New York would make the line-up at Police Headquarters look like a Sunday School picnic. He showed me a coupla jails and the inside workin of the finger print department, no kiddin. And if that aint on the up an upsky Houdinis fade-out was a publicity stunt.

The main thing about this letter Marg, is to tell you that your Uncle wont be home for some time to come. Yep, theyve got him baskin in the BASSTEAL! Break the news to mother and tell her to shoot down his heavy red flannels because the breezes on Blackwells Island dont blow from the Gulf Stream.

Well, heres how it happened. Your Unk wanted to see the Big City, so, just for you, I hailed a taxicrab to tour him around. The taxi driver takes a close-up of the Unk with the sunflower, the comedy cut suit, and the trick yellow buttoned dogs and says—Where to Buddy, Grants Tomb or the Aquarium???

RIGHT away I new that the driver was hep to the hick make-up, so I get the Unk to toss the Botanical garden what he had in his button hole in the ash can. You know Marg, I wasnt goin to tote a corn-fed sap around town like him so my pals in the speakeasys could give me the razz, not ME!! I wanted to show him a good time. I wanted to spread myself for a pal. I new that the Unk was all set to see the Big Berg and if there is any guy that can steer a boob through the Night Clubs without bendin any fenders, Im that particular guy.

Well, we aim the hack for the FLOP INN. I told the Unk I was takin him to a swell joint and for him to keep his seat when the Naughty Nudies in the Review start wigglin in an out. You know Marg when these goofs from points west and the silo districts see a flock of half-dressed frails anklin around they just cant keep their mits under the table. They go goofy, they loose their casters. Well, he starts gigglin like a kid in the grammer school. He hits me a poke in the ribs just for fun what nearly busted my slats. No kiddin, he packs a barrel of concrete in that right paw of his. He musta got it shovin the plow up hill.

After we got in the place and get all set with a pair of swell lookin hostesses I begin leanin heavy on the boost for your Unk. I had the dames thinkin he was a big millionare cattle ranger from Texas. I told em that the Unk had paid an income rap to the goverment of over sixty thousand bucks and the reason he wasnt dressed up was because he just fired the two jap valets offer his yacht for stealin a box fuller diamonds.

I HAD the two janes all ribbed up fightin for him. On the level, they was all set to blow the nite club and marry the guy. After a while he began to get hep and was puttin in the boost for himself. No foolin, he was goin along like a well oiled taxi meter. Then he says—I dont think I'll open up my place in the city this winter, I'll let the help make merry in it. What do I care for dough? I'll take a little trip abroad for my health.

In the meantime your Unk was actin very nonshalant like and was payin plenty of attention to the best lookin one of the two hostesses. I ketch him puttin a sly crease in her eye plenty of times, and the laugh of it is, her goin for the hick, make-up and all.

All of a sudden when I turn my back the Unk grabs the hostess by the neck and sinks a kiss on her pan that would make that Barrymore one in Old Ironsides look like a joke. Then he hollers—Youre to fine a girl to be clownin in a place like this!! Remember the wages of gin is death!! Then he sinks another putt. Holy mackrel, that guy musta been born on a fox farm.

The frail started squirtin on the tears she loves him so. Then the manager comes runnin over. The other jane grabbed him an poured a squark into the bosses lug. The manager grabs the Unk and says—Listen here, you ten, twenty and thirty punk, how dare you insult the best hostess in the joint!! And with that the Unk drops the frails wrist like it was fuller dynamite. The boss hollers for the ten gorrila waitors what line up like a flyin wedge and the Unk takes it on the hot foot, grabbing one of the best lookin rackoon coats that ever went for the butcher on the way out.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

Oh what a riot!! Everybody was half plastered, the giggle soup we were drinkin musta been scraped off the boats. Anyway I stuck around about a half hour till the rackit died down then I went out on the street and the Unk was gone. Dissapeared! I couldnt find him nowhere. After walkin eight blocks up Fifth Avenue I see a big crowd standin around a parked automobile. Guess what???

A cops got Uncle by one arm and a police dog in the front seat has him by the other. The dog wont loosen up. The Unk is puttin up a loud squark. Heads are stickin out from all the winders in the neighborhood. A cop is yellin—Who owns this automobile??? Then a chump comes runnin up an says to the dog—Hey Bismark, Leggo!!!! The mut opens up his pan and the Unk pulls his whip out what was in to the elbow. The Unk starts to squeal that its all an awful mistake. The cop says—Who owns that purse on the front seat next to the police dog? My wife, the guy says.

So bozo, says the cop. Wham! Take that for being a lover of dumb animals.

Well mister, says the officer, its a good thing for you that the police dog has good teeth because your wife would be out plenty. This bird is what we call a poke snatcher. He's one of those guys that goes along the street and grabs wimens purses outer automobiles. I heard him yellin while the mut was amputatin his arm. He tells me that he just reached in the car to pet the dog as *he was a great lover of dumb animals.*

That animal, the guy cuts in, aint dumb because the dog was in the front seat and the pocket book was in back.

So bozo, says the cop to your uncle. Wham! Take that for being a lover of dumb animals. WHAM! Take that! And he raps the dizzy stick over your relatives scull like it was a boloney. WHAM! Take that, for being a liar. I tried to butt in an help the Unk but the last thing I remember was trying to show my lodge ticket to the head man on the back of the patrol wagon while we were rattlin down the street.

We got in front of the desk and the cop says—Sargeant, I got a coupla poke snatchers here, and with that the Sargeant says—I love that, and slaps me right in the eye with a pen full of ink. The cop presses two charges against your uncle. One attempted larceny, and the other cruelty to dumb animals. He also put in a charge against me for being an accomplish, or whatever it is. The judge says—Frisk them!

HE takes everything off me. He started to go through your uncle. . . . Maybe you wont believe me but the cop pulled out more jewelry than you could see in Tiffanys window. There was lavellieres, watches, rings, everything but Ford parts. The guy behind the desk says, Stand him on his head Rafferty!!!! Would you believe it the gadget the little frail in the cabaret had around her neck fell out of the cuff of his pants leg.

Lou, he says, Its a hundred to one that when we get these two guys in the line-up theyll have records that would make Gerald Chapman turn over in his box of Happiness. Then he says, Rafferty take them into the steam room. Maybe a little heat will loosen them up a bit.

A gong goes off. Two big rasslers with badges on step into the room. Louis points at us and says—Take Little Boy Blue and his playmate to the lumping department and see if they know their Sunday school lesson.

As they dragged us out, one fello says, Lets show the saps the printing press. They took our finger prints. And how! I aint been able to eat a piece of buttered toast since. After that, the Cap showed us a little leather thing, kinda heavy on one end that he had tied around his hand and said—Did you ever see one of these before? He lifts it up and knocked the edge off a great big thick oak table. Do you see what it can do? Now do you want to talk or do you want me to do a little hair dressing? The permanent waves that this puts in never come out.

I tried to explain that the whole thing was Polish to me. It seemed I had a terrible dream. I dreamt that I was standing under the Sixth avenue elevated and the whole thing caved in on me. When I opened my eyes I was in a cell.

THE door of the cell opened and another elephant trainer grabbed me and rushed me alongside your Uncle up on a high platform. There was a roomful of guys all of them masked looking us over. Then the fellow says to the dicks with the masks on—Boys look these two birds over very carefully. The little mug with the slight lump on his head is an accomplish. The other guy is one of the slickest pickpockets that ever dipped his duke in a sugar barrel. He went to war, had his pan shot off, a new one stuck on, and hes been in hiding ever since.

Then he lit into your uncle like a starving bimbo into a beef stew and said, Boys you have the pleasure of gazing upon no other than the notorious Monkey House McCue.

He worked his racket with peanuts. When the saps got around the cages your uncle would toss in a handful of peanuts. The monks would all jump for em, and in the excitement your unk would fan the chumps of their watches and dough. The guy on the stool yelled to your unk—Dont forget you fell out of the cot in the cell, thats how you got those eighteen stitches in your dome!

Well, all I got to say is Marg, if the Uncle got wounded like that from falling out of bed, then the bed musta been on the roof. Oh I forgot to tell you, I was turned out for not being accomplished enough.

If thats your Uncle . . . dont send any more relatives down unless you send their fingerprints.

I got a letter from your girl friend with the crockery eye. Her husband, the watchmaker, gave her the works.

Well, toodle-oo

Your pal

MIKE SHEA.

P.S.—Will be on the high seas next week—watch for my letter from Jibralter.

If this baby gets to Paris—look out for action. Remember what happened last time he went over!

The Best Dressed BLONDE in Paris

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

LADY ABDY is the best dressed blonde in Paris. It's no light matter, this title. It doesn't mean being a fashion plate or anything like that. It means that she is distinguished, elegant, and a personality that is vivid and charming—all of which is reflected in what she wears. Being well dressed is a matter of intelligent application of certain principles, and Lady Abdy has given to me for LIBERTY readers the principles by which she has achieved her supreme place as the smartest blonde in the smartest city of the world.

Louiseboulanger designed for Lady Abdy this turquoise blue satin evening gown. At the left, Lady Abdy's preferred photograph, taken in her favorite evening cape.

A famous blonde, Lady Abdy, designed this black velvet dress for herself. The graceful cape is detachable.

Worth's creation for another blonde, Marquise Pierre de Casa Maury, now in America with Lady Mountbatten.

As I took down her precepts, I was impressed with their applicability not only to blondes but to brunettes, redheads, and the legion of the brown-haired.

First of all, says Lady Abdy, a woman must know her own individual type. You may know your general type very well, but out of this you must pick your individual type to become a personality, which is the first principle of all art in dress. She tells how to do this. One way is to search back among historical types of famous beauties, or, even better, among the women painted by the old masters. Lady Abdy herself is identified with the slender blonde maidens of sixteenth-century Botticellis.

When you have found your individual type, the next thing is to memorize a "don't": "Don't imitate, either in personality or in clothes. It is an unforgivable sin. Be yourself and do justice to yourself."

The next principle of Lady Abdy is one of the greatest importance. It is: "Dress for your atmosphere."

Lady Abdy wears black a great deal for daytime and for evening when she is outside her own home, because it is inconspicuous and enables her to fit into an atmosphere and interior not planned for her own personality. (You may select a color if black does not suit you.) In her home she wears colors that place her as an ornament in her own interior, so that she becomes the outstanding note of the general, planned ensemble. In no case should the clothes personality be eccentric.

Lady Abdy often wears pajamas at home. She designed these of rayon velvet with a georgette vestee.

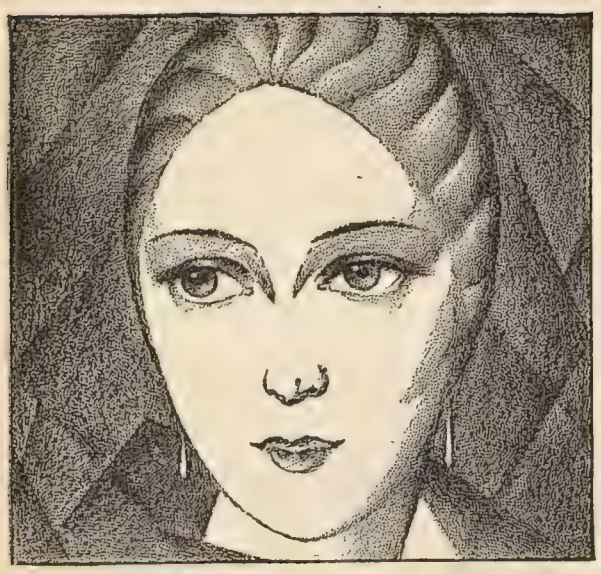
Next, dress according to your location. Lady Abdy explains this very simply. The rule is: If your location is cheerful, gay, and informal, your dress should be the same. If somber, cold, or formal, your clothes must be a part of the atmosphere. Lady Abdy then gives some general rules:

THE small woman should dress to accentuate her spirituality or her coquettishness—whichever she has most of.

In choosing colors, women must think first of eyes, hair, and complexion. If you use no rouge the choice is simple—and Lady Abdy does not. If you use rouge it must tone in with the clothes you wear.

Lady Abdy wears sports and tailored clothes up to dinnertime. She thinks the so-called afternoon dress is an abomination. She likes jewelry, but only that which is genuine—not necessarily precious stones. Jewelry may be made of wood, and if it is a beautiful bit of adornment, worn at the proper time, it is exquisite.

Lady Abdy herself chooses large bracelets, large stones, big necklaces, because she herself is large. The small woman should choose jewelry of smaller dimensions.



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eyes for old

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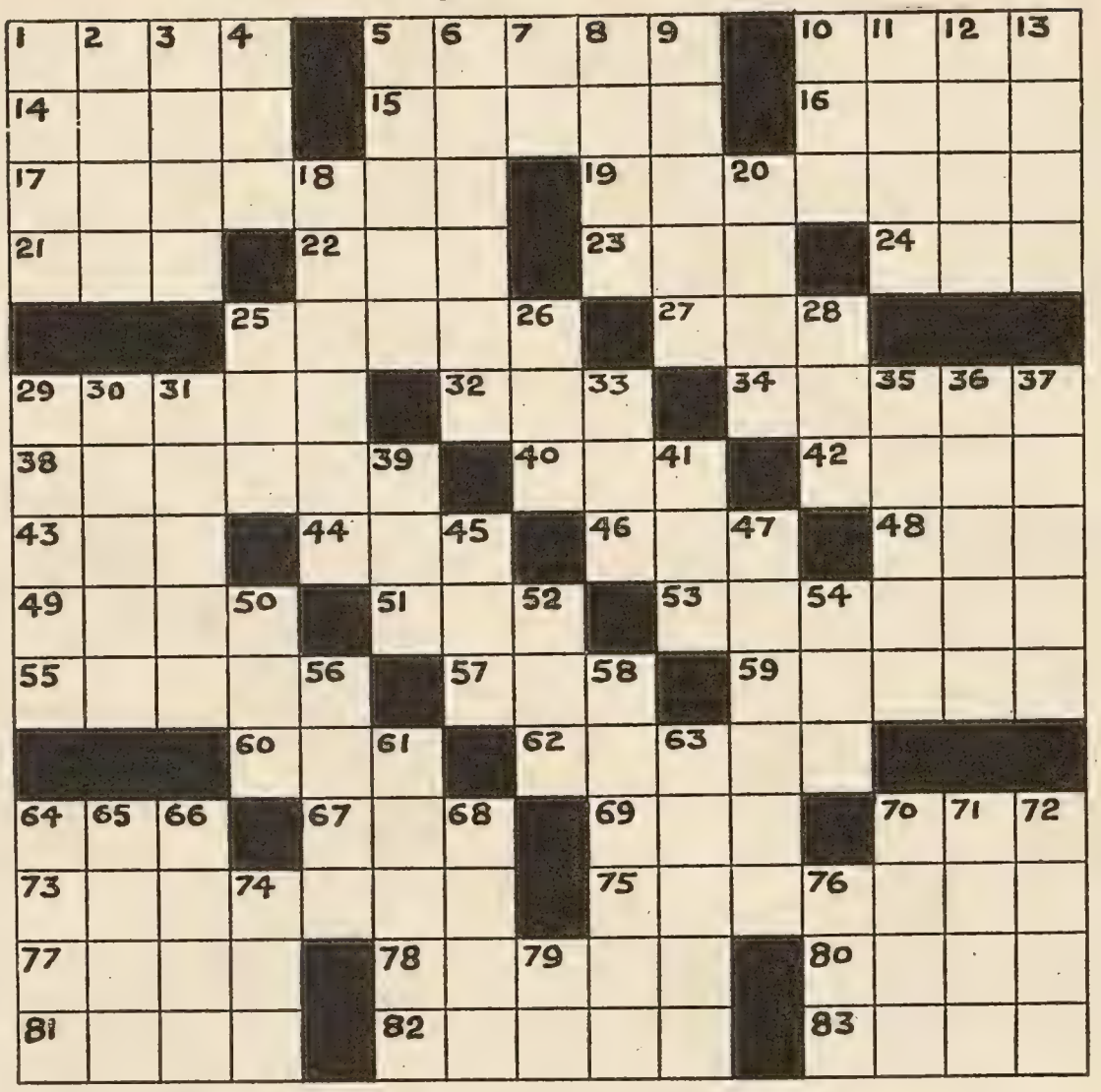
An *Easy* Puzzle—



HORIZONTAL

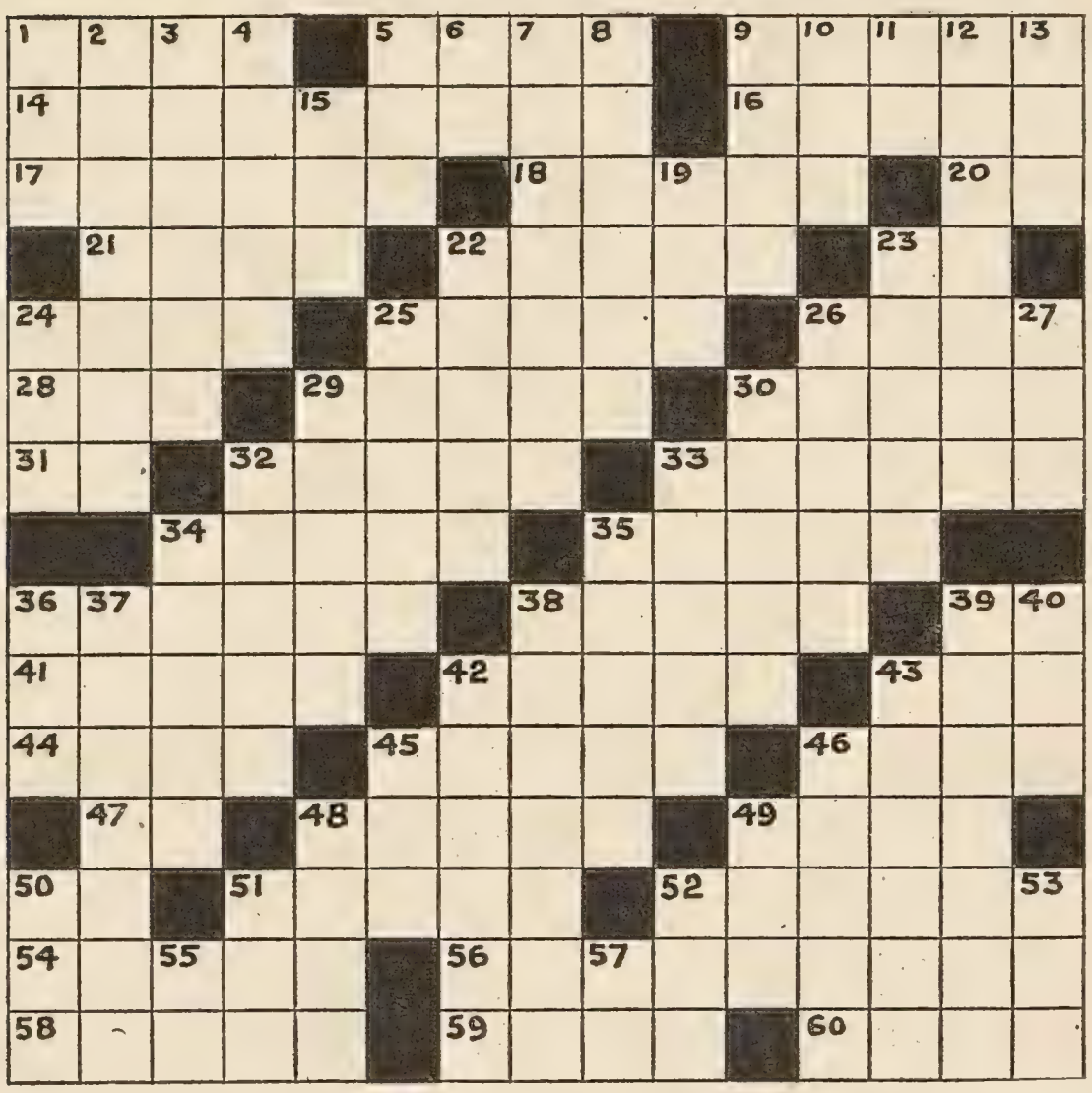
1 Title of a baronet's wife
5 Quotes
10 Sodium chloride
14 A county in Ohio
15 To come above the horizon
16 Wind instrument
17 Marked peculiarity or characteristic
19 Horns of a deer
21 Cymbals used by Hindu worshipers
22 Siamese measure of length
23 To avail one's self of
24 Allow
25 Fertile or green spot in a waste
27 Attention
29 To be acutely painful
32 Tooth for transmitting motion (machinery)
34 Furnishes with a pole or spar
38 Large deep container for soup
40 Small compact mass
42 Sheet of standing water
43 Woman's name
44 To dip in a liquid
46 Pouch (anatomy)
48 Lair
49 Ceremony
51 Jackdaw
53 Ask for peremptorily
55 To imbue with odor
57 Fit of ill humor
59 Tears
60 Form, as a ditch, by removing earth
62 Trail or tail, as of a meteor
64 Devoured
67 Pull or draw with great effort
69 Pronoun
70 Murine animal
73 Japanese stringed instrument
75 Fully attended; said of an assembly
77 Ireland
78 Group of islands in the Pacific
80 Word of ratification
81 Emmets
82 Ornamental knobs
83 Ignoble

VERTICAL

1 Went away from
2 Particular extent of surface
3 Face of a timepiece
4 Still
5 Feels concern
6 Conciliatory
7 A note of the scale
8 A brother of Jacob
9 Meaning
10 Syllable sounded in solmization
11 A Biblical name (Genesis)
12 Learning
13 Put to the proof
18 Customary mode of procedure (plural)
20 To yoke or join, as horses
25 Cardinal number
26 Plant by strewing
28 Thrust with violence
29 Agitates
30 Loose-fitting garment
31 Enraged
33 A fuel
35 A city in Chautauqua County, Kansas
36 Inclination in a particular direction
37 Causes to go in any manner
39 Drowse
41 A parent
45 Soft food for infants
47 A shade of red
50 Bring to a conclusion
52 Moist
54 Pieces used in chess or checkers
56 Small birds
58 Three-legged stand
61 Conjecture
63 A large size of paper
64 On the ocean
65 Small mountain lake or pool
66 Give forth
68 Small fly
70 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu mythology)
71 Measures of area
72 River in England
74 Those who are in office
76 Catch suddenly
79 Letter of the Greek alphabet

Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One



HORIZONTAL

1 To support by force or encouragement
5 The wild buffalo of India
9 Rating with reference to an assessment
14 Anomalous
16 Any eared seal
17 Warriors of the Greek epic age
18 Genus of Japanese liliaceous plants
20 Exist
21 Not one
22 A graduated series of tones (music)
23 Toward
24 Kind of Russian hemp
25 Blinker for a horse
26 Variety of carnelian
28 Savage of a tribe of Luzon
29 Sets of three
30 A famous lover
31 Near at hand
32 A game of chance
33 Binary compound of boron
34 Chefs
35 Folios
36 Fixed routine
38 Measures of distance
39 Note of the scale
41 Department in north France
42 To blush
43 Downcast
44 Locality containing mineral springs (plural)
45 Grief; distress (poetic)
46 Farrows
47 Mystic syllable used by Hindu worshipers
48 A neglected and untrained city boy
49 A reckoning by numbers
50 Like
51 A bird of the thrush family
52 One who begets or brings forth offspring
54 Place or room which another had, has, or might have
56 Small tree yielding Chian turpentine
58 Piles
59 River in France and Belgium
60 A postponement

VERTICAL

1 Exclamation of extreme contempt
2 Quality or state of being pleasant
3 Circle around a luminous body (meteorology)
4 Scandinavian monetary unit
5 Exclamations
6 Proposed international language
7 Papal representatives
8 Asiatics
9 Dress of state
10 Blind impulse leading men to ruin
11 Symbol for an element
12 Lined with trees
13 A lixivium
15 Part of a turtle attached to the shell
19 Aged
22 Covering for a pillow (plural)
23 Strainer made of cloth
24 Jewish title of respect
25 A brushwood
26 Painful spots
27 Female hare
29 A thing found
30 Black flag formerly used by pirates
32 Raccoons
33 King of the Fomors (Celtic mythology)
34 Biblical name (Luke iii.)
35 Conical loaf of sugar
36 A fuel
37 A thrust (fencing)
38 Millstone supports
39 Shade of red
40 Small fish (plural)
42 Civility
43 Mute
45 Any flatfish
46 Son of Priam, King of Troy
48 Deities
49 Slight flap or tag
50 A tree
51 Strike smartly
52 By
53 Possessive pronoun
55 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
57 Note of the scale

M	O	S	S	■	M	A	C	A	O	■	T	I	R	E
A	R	E	A	■	E	N	A	T	E	■	O	D	I	N
R	E	M	I	S	E	D	■	A	C	I	D	■	G	O
S	L	I	G	H	T	■	A	B	U	T	■	T	A	W
■	■	■	T	O	Y	■	P	R	E	S	A	G	E	■
O	R	E	N	■	S	A	N	K	■	L	I	E	G	E
G	A	S	■	K	E	N	O	■	F	I	R	M	E	R
I	T	■	T	E	N	T	■	P	A	C	T	■	N	I
V	E	E	R	E	D	■	M	A	N	S	■	R	E	E
E	S	S	E	N	■	L	I	N	G	■	B	I	T	S
■	■	■	P	E	E	R	I	N	G	■	R	E	P	■
B	E	Y	■	S	O	N	G	■	G	A	L	O	R	E
A	B	■	S	T	A	G	■	B	E	N	I	S	O	N
R	E	N	O	■	S	E	L	I	M	■	E	T	U	I
S	N	U	B	■	T	R	U	S	S	■	D	E	E	D

Answer to last week's hard puzzle

A Sweet Stomach!

What a pity when youth and vitality are set at naught by a disordered stomach, and bad breath! Don't have them at *any age!* Hearty eaters hard smokers—high livers—find Stuart's a boon and blessing!

Eat what you wish. Drink what you like. Then chew a Stuart Tablet. No soda, just a soothing combination of magnesia, calcium carbonate and the like. Result, a sweet stomach, serene digestion, no pains, no discomfort. *A sweet stomach for twenty-five cents!*

TRY THIS TEST

Enough for the one-week test, in the handy pocket box, will be mailed complimentary if you use coupon below.

FULL BOX FREE

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The Quickest Relief for Gastric Disorder

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Milder Musterole for Small Children

Just Rub It On

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the milder form of Musterole especially prepared for babies and children.

At night, when awakened by the warning, croupy cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes to the seat of the trouble.

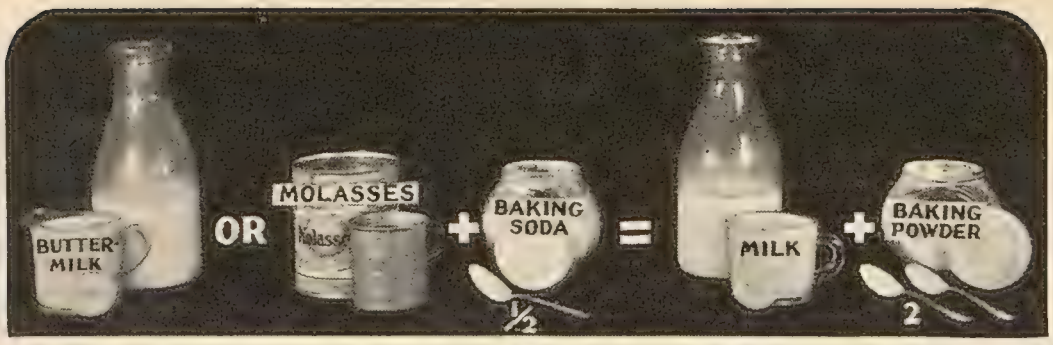
It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and is not messy to apply.

Made from oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, relieves sore throats, croupy coughs and colds. All Druggists.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Whipped evaporated milk improves ice cream texture.



Knowledge of substitutions in cookery will save many a disappointment or hurried trip to the grocery.

In using sour milk for fresh, soda is added to the flour.

In Case of Emergency—

By
ETHEL SOMERS

SUBSTITUTION of one ingredient for another in a recipe is easy if one knows the fundamental formulas involved. Occasions for such substitutions arise in all households. Either for economy or in cases of unexpected shortage in supplies, a working knowledge of substitutions is essential. Often such knowledge serves to smooth over a trying situation. Substitution possibilities are manifold. Herewith we present the more commonly useful formulas, and in order to make their application clear we give examples of revised recipes.

Cut out, mount, and place them for future reference in your recipe card file under the head of Emergency Substitutions. This provides a quick handy reference, and a bit of mental arithmetic then does the trick.

A handy substitution to know about is undiluted evaporated milk for cream, as in the following ice cream recipe. It may be either plain or whipped. Evaporated milk may be substituted for milk if it is diluted with an equal volume of water.

THE LIBERTY cookbooks (there are three) contain many additional recipes for frozen desserts—ices and ice cream. Also, of course, a wide range of tried and tested recipes for cakes and cookies to grace the late winter menus. The LIBERTY cookbooks have been compiled by Ethel Somers. Each one is only 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use the coupon and send for them today.

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Ice Cream

1 egg, if desired, or 1¾ teaspoons gelatin plus 2 tablespoons cold water
½ cup sugar
1¼ cups milk
½ pint cream [substitute: 1½ cups evaporated milk or cream]
1½ teaspoons vanilla
½ teaspoon salt

IF you are substituting evaporated milk for fresh cream, place the unopened can in cold water to cover, bring to the boiling point, remove can, cool quickly in cold water, and then place on ice until thoroughly chilled. Several small quantities whip more readily than does a large quantity. Whip surrounded by ice and salt. Scald the freezer and beater and cool. Beat the egg, if used, only until the yolk and white are well mixed. Add the sugar and salt. Stir in the milk and cook over water, stirring until thickened to a thin custard. (If gelatin is used, mix the gelatin in cold water and let stand about five minutes. Heat the milk and sugar. Stir this into the gelatin mixture after dissolving every granule of the gelatin by stirring over hot water.) Add the cream or the evaporated milk, which has been cooked, chilled, and whipped. Add flavoring. Whipping the cream insures a better texture. Pour into the freezing chamber and freeze.

* * *

Another thing to remember is that sour milk or sour cream may be substituted for sweet milk or sweet cream, as shown in this recipe:

Waffles

1½ cups milk
2 to 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, or ¾ cup cream and ¾ cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt, or 1 teaspoon if unsalted fat is used
1 tablespoon sugar, if desired
2 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately

OR

1½ cups sour milk and
2 to 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, or ¾ cup sour cream and ¾ cup sour milk
¾ teaspoon baking soda
2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt, or 1 teaspoon if unsalted fat is used
1 tablespoon sugar, if desired
2 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Pour in the liquids, including the beaten egg yolks and melted fat, and beat smooth with a standard egg beater. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour on to a hot greased waffle iron or a hot non-greased aluminum baker. Bake until brown on both sides—about four minutes.

Inexpensive Marble Cake

2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or substitute
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup milk
½ ounce chocolate [substitute: 2 tablespoons cocoa plus ½ tablespoon extra shortening]
1 tablespoon boiling water

MIX and sift the dry ingredients, except the cocoa, if used. Combine the milk and melted fat or oil. Stir into the dry ingredients. Beat one minute and take out one-third of this batter. Add to this third the chocolate (or cocoa) dissolved in the boiling hot water. Alternate spoonfuls of the light and dark batter in greased layer or loaf-cake pans. Using a fork in a circular motion, gently blend the two colored batters to produce a marble effect. Beware of too much mixing. Bake the layers from fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.) or a loaf cake forty to fifty minutes in a slower oven (350° F.).

Other Useful Substitutes

One-half teaspoon soda plus one teaspoon cream of tartar plus one-half teaspoon cornstarch may be substituted for every two teaspoons baking powder.

* * *

Seven-eighths cup of oil may be substituted for one cup solidified fat.

* * *

One teaspoon baking powder may be substituted for one egg. For the sake of flavor it is wise to use such substitution to the extent of not more than half the eggs in the recipe.

* * *

Family flour may be substituted for pastry flour if two tablespoons less per cup are used. If desired, one to one and one-half tablespoons of cornstarch may be added instead.

* * *

Flour may be substituted for cornstarch as a thickening agent. Two tablespoons flour equal one tablespoon cornstarch or one egg in thickening power.

All think alike about *the pause that refreshes*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

SHOPPERS, especially, like to meet at soda fountains—to pause, join friends, and be refreshed. Nowhere else is so bright and cheerful, so inviting and convenient. Such meetings have much of the sociability of an afternoon tea. And many of these groups meet by appointment, calling their gatherings "Coca-Cola Clubs." ▼ ▼ The charm of Coca-Cola is proclaimed at all fountains—because everybody thinks alike about this pure drink of natural flavors, served ice-cold, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment. The little red sign—around the corner from anywhere—is a standing invitation to pause and refresh yourself.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD OVER 8 MILLION A DAY **TO GET WHERE IT IS**

Cartoonist now draws bright ideas from his favorite pipe-tobacco

THEY say that every artist has a favorite mood in which his best ideas are born: Shelley wrote easiest while toasting himself in the sun. Mozart composed more readily after a full dinner. Schiller worked best with his feet in ice water. And now comes a hot tip from Mr. James W. Bright, a cartoonist, who claims that he has derived more ideas from his favorite pipe-tobacco—Edgeworth—than from any other brand.

And judging from the convincing tone of Mr. Bright's letter it is reasonable to conclude that his pipe and Edgeworth are safely coupled, as the old rubric has it, "to have and to hold."

If you would like to know *why*—let us "marry" your pipe to a few helpings of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these trial pipefuls, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for the likable quality of Edgeworth Pipe-Tobacco *never* changes.

303 North Union,
Independence, Mo.
June 24, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps you would like to know in just a word or so how I am in partners with Edgeworth in a business way.

By profession I am a cartoonist, who you probably know is called upon to create new ideas. While this is ranked as the hardest part of the profession, I have proved it may easily be mastered, if a person will but recline in any easy-chair, light a pipe, and live with imaginative persons in the aromatic smoke clouds that will soon fill the room. Edgeworth has given me more ideas than any other brand of tobacco, so I "married" my pipe to it quite a while ago. The result has been wonderful. The more you use Edgeworth the more you crave it, as a wholesome pleasure.

Complimenting the standard quality (which means more than the words signify) of Edgeworth, I am a devoted and profound user.

Yours very respectfully,
JAMES W. BRIGHT

Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand. Also sold in all sizes.

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Molly Learns Her Father's Fate

in

The Murders on the Roof

A Serial of Mystery on Broadway

By Edward Doherty

Pictures by Dalton Stevens

ANTHONY SOMMERS was on trial for his life—accused of the murder of Spots Larkin—and the trial was going badly for him. Spots had been killed in The Corsairs Club, a cabaret. "Flat Wheel," a waiter, found his dead body in the den of Big Joe Carozzo, the owner of the club. A spindle was sticking out of the back of Spots' neck.

He had had a big diamond to sell. This was nowhere to be found. But an examination of the wastepaper basket revealed a bloody handkerchief in it, marked with Sommers' initials, and, below, a false diamond embedded in a wad of gum. Outside, on the roof, Sommers sprawled in a stupor. In his pocket was a ticket to Detroit.

At the trial, according to Carozzo's testimony, Sommers had said that he was going to New Orleans, but had agreed to buy Larkin's diamond for Carozzo before he left. Pio Mora, the cabaret singer, testified that Sommers had told him he was going to San Diego and would have lots of money soon.

Marcia Caponi—known as Snake Eyes, the dancer who was Carozzo's girl—testified that Sommers had pulled Larkin out of her dressing room—thus pointing to jealousy as the motive for the crime.

Anson Keen, deputy district attorney, was convinced of Sommers' guilt. He had been at The Corsairs at the time of the murder, with his rich friend, Geoffrey Platt. Platt, who had seemed interested in a cigarette girl, had rushed off to Europe after the murder. What Keen did not know was that he had carried a large diamond with him!

Sommers' beautiful daughter, Molly, a school teacher in Sommersville, was sure of her father's innocence. Ted Morehouse, the man she loved, was not.

The accused—once a brilliant lawyer, now fallen through drink—faced the jury as his own attorney.

Part Three

ANTHONY SOMMERS smiled at the jury. "I propose," he said, "to tell you nothing but the truth—the whole truth.

"You wondered, perhaps, why I asked Dr. Korn what would happen if I punched him on the nose. Maybe you thought I really did want to take a poke at him. No, no. I simply wanted him to answer, 'If you punched my nose it would bleed.' Well, it doesn't take a doctor to tell you that.

Though her eyes looked at the machines, Ted knew she was looking through them, and was gazing at her father.

"If I told you that Larkin had hit me on the nose with the base of the spindle, you would realize, of course, that I would have a bloody nose—and that would account for the bloodstains on my clothing. I could say that after he had thus maltreated me I tried to take the spindle from him, using my left hand, and that to keep myself from falling I clutched his pompadour with my right and held on.

"I could say—and it would be quite logical—that Larkin jerked his hand from mine—while I was pulling his head down—and that in jerking away he accidentally sent the point of the spindle into his throat. Then, I could say, he slipped—perhaps because my right hand was still in his hair—and his head fell face downward on the table, and the spindle went clear through his neck and killed him. He put his hands on the table, I could say, to save himself from falling.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page sixty-three]

"Of course that would make it plain that I wasn't a murderer in any sense of the word. And, though I wiped my bloody hands on my handkerchief, that signified nothing—it did not prove me guilty.

"You remember I talked to the waiter, Flat Wheel, about his cold, and the rock and rye I had given him. I could easily say that I had also given him a handkerchief—just as juror number three gave me his handkerchief when I pretended to cough. I could intimate that Flat Wheel dropped the handkerchief where it would do the most good—and harm—when he came into the room.

"That would tend to show that I had been framed. I don't know whether you gentlemen know the meaning of that.

"When a policeman frames a man he arrests him for carrying a gun—and shoves a gun into his pocket. I framed juror number three when I dropped his handkerchief over there by the spindle.

"Or, gentlemen, I might say that I was doped, was carried to the place where they found me, and was saturated with blood—denying entirely that I remained in that room with Larkin for more than a few moments.

"You heard Marcia—the black-haired girl—say she had sleeping powders. You heard me ask Theresa whether the girls didn't use opiates. She wasn't allowed to answer—but I could get around that. And you heard Mora admit he gave me the whisky that I drank that night. What simpler than to say the whisky was doped with one of those sleeping powders? And—for all I know—that may be the truth."

He looked at the jurors for a few moments.

"Yes, it may well be that the whisky Mora gave me was doped," he said. "But I would not say it was."

HE paced up and down before the jury box as though he were in his own room.

"You heard Mickey Finn admit the diamond in his tie was glass. A clever lawyer would find some connection between that piece of glass and the one that Sergeant Hanson fished out of the catchall in the den of Big Joe Carozzo. I would myself, were I defending another client.

"Suppose I told you gentlemen that a week before the murder Mickey Finn and I sat at that table, talking about diamonds and diamond thefts and the ways of diamond thieves. Suppose I told you that Mickey, to illustrate one popular method of thievery, wrapped a piece of glass in gum and stuck it underneath the table—where it would fall into the wastebasket if it fell.

"You know that some thieves go into a jewelry store, look over trays of diamonds, select the one desired, and with a moist piece of gum hide it under the counter. The diamond is missed. The thief is searched. But inasmuch as the stone is not found on him he is allowed to go his way. The next day his confederate enters the store and quietly removes the wad of gum and the diamond, and goes out with it.

"I could make you think Spots Larkin, not Mickey Finn, stuck the gummed piece of pop bottle under the edge of the table, and that it fell into the wastebasket. I could say that Larkin became enraged when I asked him if that was how he had stolen the diamond he meant to sell Carozzo, and that he assaulted me with the base of the spindle, and—struggling with me—accidentally killed himself.

"It would be as logical as the state's contention that I killed the man to get this forged diamond, thinking it real, and that I disposed of it, so clumsily, to keep suspicion from me.

"The state says I thought the diamond genuine and determined to get it. Ah, I had told Carozzo I was going to New Orleans, and Mora that I was going to San Diego and would have lots of money. But I was going to Detroit, and Mr. Keen would have you believe I intended to take the diamond with me.

"Gentlemen, imagine my chagrin when I looked at that synthetic Kohinoor after running a bodkin through the neck of my companion. 'My error,' I said to the man I had just slain. 'Excuse it, please. I must be going.' But before I left I draped my bloodstained handkerchief across the wastebasket, where it would catch O'Malley's eye. I hid the diamond in my gum—although even Carozzo admitted he had never seen me chew gum—and said, 'That's for Sergeant Ole Hanson. My, won't he be surprised?' And so I went out on the roof, and stretched and yawned and went to sleep!"

He tossed his white mane and glared at the jurors.

"Gum!" he shouted. "They accuse me not only of murder, but of gum chewing! If you don't believe I killed Larkin, there's the 'suspicious looking wad of gum' to prove it.

"HANSON raked it out of the wastebasket. How long had it been there? Does anyone know? How long since O'Malley's vest received its baptism of soft-boiled egg? It might be a month. Why were those receipts found in the basket? They belonged on the spindles on Carozzo's desk. Why in the basket? Apparently it never occurred to the police or the district attorney to wonder about that. If it had, they would have blamed it on me.

"I don't know anything about this gummy phony diamond, gentlemen. I never saw it before I entered this court. But I knew they were going to put it in evidence. Men who live in tombs may tell no tales, but sometimes they hear tales told. In my cell I heard the news. I didn't credit it. Here in this court I heard Mr. Keen tell you the story of the diamond in the gum. I was astonished.

"A thing fished out of rubbish that had been standing I don't know how long—brought forward as evidence!

In vain Judge ngersoll pounded n the bench. The ew policemen pres- nt sprang into ction with fists and clubs."

"I repeat, gentlemen, that wad of gum that was gorged with a clumsy fake may have waited for Hanson an hour, a day, a week, two weeks. When did the egg fall on O'Malley's nonskid vest? How long before I noticed it? An hour? A half a day? A month? I couldn't tell—and neither could he. But the state says bluntly and boldly—and stupidly—that I threw the wad of gum in the basket after the murder! Why? Because the state wants to send me to the chair, and will use suspicion as evidence.

"GENTLEMEN, Mr. Keen sincerely believes me guilty. He feels that I am what he says I am, a shrewd and calculating thief and murderer who bungled because he drank. He is convinced of this, and so he feels that it is right to put me to death. And he feels it right to use any means he can to convict me.

"Some lawyers are liars when they come into a court of justice. We of the defense sometimes lie and steal and cheat to save our clients, suborn perjury as a matter of course—some of us, but not so many as you think. District attorneys lie and steal and cheat sometimes to win convictions—especially when they are convinced of a defendant's guilt. Their witnesses then are allowed to perjure themselves.

"You recall the manner in which Marcia Caponi told her story? It was as though she had learned it by heart. She told the day of the month, the day of the week, the hour of the day. She named the exact location. She named those present. Then she told of her conversation with Larkin. He said, 'Snake Eyes, give us a little kiss.' I said something about the cutting of throats. She said, 'Go to hell!'

"This was a little time after the incident in the dressing room. How long after, she didn't say. Two or three days, maybe a week, ten days.

"There was art in that answer. Why should she remember the exact day of this occurrence? No reason. Therefore she was not made to fix the date.

"Gentlemen, with clever lies I have yanked a hundred men and fourteen women from the dungeon and the scaffold and the chair—frightened, trapped, whimpering little souls, some of them innocent, some of them guilty. I had to lie harder for the innocent than for the others—for, though the truth be mighty, it is not always believed."

He took the spindle from the table. He handed back the handkerchief he had borrowed.

"I have saved men and women with clever lies. But with clever lies I shall not save myself."

AGAIN Anthony Sommers stalked before the jury box, glaring.

"Gentlemen, it is true I meant to leave Carozzo. I was going to Detroit, and I said nothing of my departure to any living soul. There is a little girl in Detroit who was charged with killing her employer. She shot him. She confessed. She had no money, no friends, no influence. Not even honor was left to her. I believed I could save her—but since I have been in prison she has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to spend the rest of her life in prison.

"I came to the cabaret that morning to get what few belongings of mine were in Carozzo's den. I saw Larkin. I saw Carozzo. I saw Mora. I was given a bottle of whisky and asked to entertain Larkin for a little while until Carozzo could come in to talk business with him. I agreed. Larkin and I went into the room. We drank and talked—not about the diamond, but about most everything else.

"There had been no conversation with Marcia that morning. And—while I think of it—let me deny that I ever went into her dressing room, or that I ever said anything to her about her stockings. The only words I ever exchanged with the young lady I exchanged in your hearing, in this courtroom.

"They would have you think me an old fool, pining away for love of her. Bah! I'd rather go to jail!

"We drank, Larkin and I—drank and talked.

"Now, perhaps that whisky Mora gave me was drugged. I suspect it was, but I will not say it was. For

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
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I do not know. At any rate, I was awakened some time later by two policemen. I was lying on the roof. My clothing was saturated with blood. I had no idea of what had happened to me. My nose pained me. My head was dizzy. It ached. I could hardly stand. I thought first that I was in a nightmare.

"The policemen led me into the den through a window; and I saw Larkin sitting there at the table, dead, the spindle sticking out through his neck. Oh, I don't doubt the spindle contains my fingerprints. Why should it not? I have handled it a hundred times.

"Captain O'Malley asked me questions, and I would not answer them. Even if I had understood them I would not have answered, for I was beginning to realize I had been framed. He had my handkerchief. It was mine, but I have no idea how it got into the basket—I don't know who put it there.

"Ever since I have been in the Tombs, gentlemen of the jury, I have been doing my best to remember what occurred in that room. And I can remember nothing except that we talked, Larkin and I, and drank, and laughed.

"That bloodstained handkerchief might have been dropped by anyone. By Carozzo, by Mora, by the waiter, by Finn.

"The diamond that Larkin owned was evidently stolen. It was not found in the den. It was not found in my pockets. It was not found in Larkin's pockets, nor in his room, nor in any of his possessions. Whoever killed him stole the diamond. Perhaps the slayer planted the other stone, the fake stone, the further to enmesh me in the law's wide net. Oh, they searched me thoroughly, don't fear. But if they had found the diamond on me they would have told you so before. Diamonds, remember, are easier to find than egg stains.

"THAT is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And I know that it sounds in your ears like a clumsy lie. A good lawyer would have told you another story—such as I have outlined to you. A good lawyer would have brought his family here from Wisconsin, and sat them at his side—and I have a wife and five beautiful daughters who might, if I wished, make you feel a little sorry for me.

"But I am not a good lawyer for myself. I don't care what you do to me, gentlemen. Not much. I would have you clear my name of this terrible stigma, for the sake of my wife and my little girls—for the sake of the grandchildren I may some day have. But for myself? No!

"Gentlemen, had I not been a drunkard I would not be here today. Had I not loved whisky I would never have been so easily framed. I have no doubt in the world that Carozzo and his mob framed me because they feared me. They feared me because I knew too much about them and because I intended to rid myself of them. They knew that because I had refused to take any more of their cases.

"They killed Larkin for his diamond. And they would put me in the electric chair to still my tongue—and to save themselves at the same time. They would get rid of Larkin, and they would get rid of me and their distrust and their hatred of me. And they would have the diamond that is worth a fortune.

"It was easy because I was drunk! Maybe the whisky was not doped. Maybe it was only whisky. But it did its work. It put me here.

"Whisky! Damn the man who first invented it. Damn the man who sells it. Damn the fool who drinks it and calls himself a man! Had it not been for whisky I should never have left my home, my wife, my pretty daughters who love me still. Had it not been for whisky no man would ever dare to throw suspicion on me.

"Punish me if you will, gentlemen. But punish me, not because I killed a man, for my hands are innocent of blood. Punish me because I was drunk.

"Punish me? What am I saying? How can you punish me, who have already so punished myself? What can you do to me that I have not already done? Put me in jail? Kill me? I laugh.

"Bah! Believe these clumsy lies contrived by the state, these lies spat out by Carozzo the pig, by Mora, by Marcia, by Mora's wife, by the weasel-faced Finn whom I foolishly saved from Connecticut's bright new hemp—Finn, who shot a man in the back. They're all in this frame-up—Mora the madman, Big Joe Carozzo the ex-pirate, Snake Eyes, the mistress of the wardrobe, Finn, Flat Wheel the waiter.

"Believe their clumsy lies if you will, and put me in the chair. Bury me deep in the earth and let men's minds forget my name that I once bore so proudly. After the tomb?"

He laughed at them.

"Here in my breast I have found peace—'the peace that passeth all understanding.' Some find it in Jesus; some find it crying on Jehovah, or on Buddha, or on Allah who is Allah. I find it here within my breast, that is done forever with lies.

"After the tomb? Resurrection!"

II

ANTHONY SOMMERS paced up and down before the twelve men who would judge him for the crime of murder, shook his white mane, and pelted them with words. And in the ticker room of a Milwaukee newspaper Molly sat with Ted and followed his every utterance.

The teletype machine, the newest miracle born of the presses' great hunger for news hot from the oven of events, had brought the trial to them along a thousand miles of wire.

In a room across the corridor from the court a man sat bent over a typewriter. When he had finished half a page he ripped it from his mill, handed it to a boy, put in a fresh page, and went on with Anthony Sommers' plea.

The boy hurried to the office of the Continental Press Association, and within a few minutes the ticker was making its cabalistic marks on the tape, the impulse was going to newspaper offices in big cities all over the nation, and the teletypes were boiling like coffee in giant percolators, and overflowing with words—typewritten words translated from the dots and dashes of the ticker tape.

The ticker room of the Milwaukee Chronicle contained two of these teletypes. They rested side by side on a wide table set against the wall, large oblong metal boxes, each with a round motor tucked in its left side, and a roll of yellow paper carried like a knapsack at its back. The paper ran—without beginning and without end, it seemed to Ted—from the knapsack roll, through the mysterious insides, and out through the noisy mouths.

The mouths of these curious monsters were on the top, and what they fed on went not into their mouths but out of them. The typewriter keys that unhuman, unseen hands banged against the black ribbon, against the yellow paper, were like teeth that left a mark when they bit. But Molly thought of them as little tongues.

"They are tongues that talk in letters," she said, "and the paper is a voice—my father's voice."

"They're something like electric pianos," said Ted. "A roll of perforated paper—"

"Falling like a sheet of water over rocks—"

"And the piano keys rise and fall just like the typewriter keys."

"Making music!" she finished. "Man snatches the lightnings out of the sky and makes them play and write. He makes them do housework"—she was silent a moment, then said slowly—"and he makes them kill people—in the electric chair!"

She sat quietly in her chair, a slim girl in a gray dress, her hands resting in her lap. Her gray eyes were soft, and though they looked at the machines, Ted knew she was looking through them, had found the Court of General Sessions in New York, and was gazing at her father.

Above the teletypes there was a long narrow shelf stacked with rolls of yellow paper. Molly and Ted sat on either side of the door, Ted sprawling over his chair and feeling cramped. Both the teletypes were busy. One wrote of baseball games and markets and divorces and accidents and the doings of presidential candidates;

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HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

A Convention Breakfast
At the Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

A Convention Is an Assured Success
When Held at Chicago's
MORRISON HOTEL

THE tendency of trade associations to return to the Morrison Hotel for another Chicago convention is an illustration of "wisdom gained from experience."

Co-operation in All Departments

In its smooth-running service-routine, in the scientifically planned layout of its assembly halls, foyers, and retiring rooms, in the vital factor of location—the most central in the city, the Morrison is the logical Chicago hotel for annual meetings of trade groups and other societies.

The Terrace Garden

Nowhere is better provision made for diversion than at the Morrison, where the "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden and its brilliant vaudeville programs offer a pleasing contrast to the romantic Boston Oyster House, with a half-century of Chicago tradition woven into its eventful background.

1944 Rooms, Each With Bath

All rooms are outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head reading-lamp, and Servidor. A housekeeper is detailed to each floor, and all guests enjoy garage privileges. The central location, which maintains high subrental values, makes possible the following economical rate-scale:

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 16 Suites, $15.00 6 Suites, $20.00

Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

Write for Special Convention Rates, and for Details Regarding Free Meeting Rooms

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page sixty-six]

and one, that nearer Molly, wrote of nothing but the trial.

The door was open. Somewhere below great presses rumbled. The floor vibrated to them. Outside the door, in the local room, telephones rang and telegraph instruments clicked.

Ted had brought the Sommers family to Milwaukee that morning, and he and Molly had arrived at the Chronicle office just in time to get a front seat and hear Sommers talk to the jury.

He blamed himself, now, that he hadn't thought of the Chronicle and Bill Edens sooner. For three days he had let Molly go without news of the trial, save for the meager paragraphs in Sommerville's daily and the warmed-over news in the big city papers that came into Sommerville a day or two after they were printed.

Imagine forgetting Bill Edens at such a time! Bill had been one of his classmates, had played left end on the eleven Ted had captained. He owned the Chronicle and edited it.

However, Molly was here now for the most important part of the trial; and her mother and sisters were at the Plankington. Mrs. Sommers, he knew, would sit by the window—in easy reach of the telephone—all day long. The girls—perhaps they were out shopping. It was a holiday for the three youngest ones—and maybe Ella would enjoy it too. Poor Ella!

How calm Molly was! The orchids looked nice against her gray dress. There went that playful yellow lock again, falling across her eyes. The gray leather of her handbag matched her dress and her eyes.

She had floored Bill Edens. Ted could think of no other word for it. The way Bill had looked at her! You'd think Molly owned the paper and Bill was asking her for a job.

"Miss Sommers, I am more honored than I can say. The whole plant is yours. I'm almost glad you had to come here to get the news. Wouldn't it have been wonderful if we could have put the trial on the air? Then you could have sat in your own home and heard your father talking. Have you a radio? Why didn't Ted think of bringing you a week ago? He used to think fast enough when he was in college—especially when he was caught by the dean. Your father's a whiz, Miss Sommers. The questions he asks—good Lord!"

Even the copy boys stole looks at Molly, and some of the reporters craned their necks as they passed the door. In this office Molly was more of a sensation than the trial itself.

TED glanced idly at the machine near him. "But with clever lies I will not save myself," he read.

That was like the old boy, he mused. Sommers always could make a good talk. He'd have that jury mesmerized before he was through. He remembered a Fourth of July oration Sommers had made at the fair grounds years ago. Yes, he'd have them mesmerized—and he'd probably talk all afternoon. He glanced from the machine, leaped suddenly to Molly's side.

"Why, why, Molly! You're crying."

"Crying? I never cry, Ted. Oh, if I am crying it's because I'm so proud. He'd rather lose his life than save it with a lie!"

The machine stopped with the last word of Sommers' plea, and started again. It wrote:

"Sommers walked to his chair, but before he could seat himself the tense room had become a place of mad uproar.

"Men and women shouted, clapped their hands, leaped up and ran toward Sommers, some of them with tears in their eyes. In vain Judge Ingersoll pounded on the bench. In vain court attachés cried for silence.

"The few policemen present sprang into action with fists and clubs, hurling back the fanatic members of the crowd. Someone turned in a riot call, and the thousands of people in the court, in the corridor outside, on the stairways and the corridors below, and in the rotunda of the building, were hustled into the streets as soon as a hundred uniformed men could do it. Several women are reported to have been hurt.

"*Flash:* 'This comes near to being a mistrial,' Judge Ingersoll said, his voice sounding strange in the almost empty room. 'The demonstration for the defendant may leave some prejudice in the minds of the jurors.'

"His honor conferred in whispers with the attorneys, and then admonished the jurors that they were not to allow themselves to be swayed by the actions of the spectators.

"'Do you wish to cross-examine the defendant?' he asked Mr. Keen.

"'No, your honor,' Keen replied. But, if the court please, I should like a recess of ten minutes before I begin my closing statement.'

"*Note to editors.* Will have late new story featuring the riot. Understand at least a dozen men and women hurt. End note."

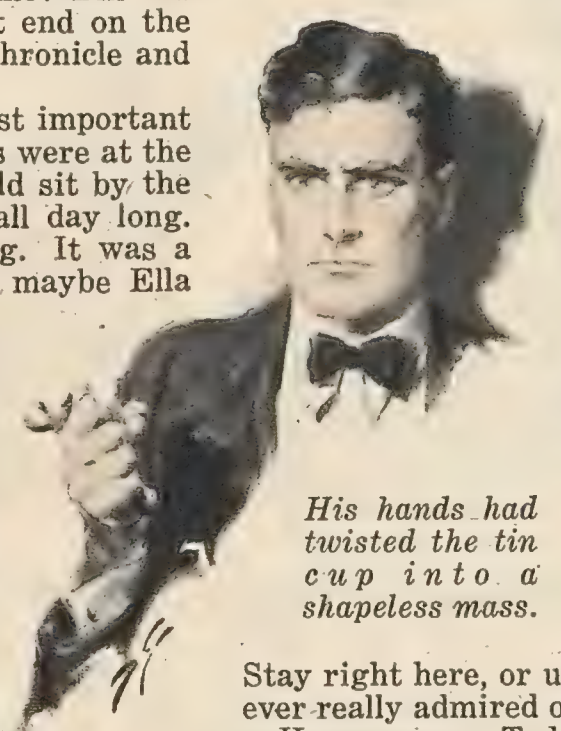
Bill Edens dashed into the little room, struggling into his coat.

"The home edition's gone to bed," he said. "Could I interest you people in a cup of hot coffee and a bun with do-jiggers on it? There's a place around the corner where the gang eats. A bit dirty—but we can snatch a bite and run."

"Thanks," said Molly. "But I must phone mother. I couldn't possibly eat. I'm afraid I'm too excited. But—would you bring me some black coffee? And could I see the papers of yesterday, Mr. Edens, and the day before, and of Monday? I want to read every line about the trial."

"I'll send you all the coffee one boy can carry," Edens promised. "And all the back copies another boy can lift, if you want them. Stay right here, or use my office. This is the first time I ever really admired orchids. But may I feed your escort?"

He was gone, Ted tagging at his heels.



His hands had twisted the tin cup into a shapeless mass.

III

"YOU'RE a lucky whelp," Edens said, between gulps of bitter coffee. "Ted, I'd like to make a five column cut of her face for the final edition. I'd plaster it all over page one. Bet it'd sell fifty thousand extras."

"No, no," said Ted quickly. "No pictures, Bill. She wouldn't stand for it. She's as proud as—"

"Proud? A blind man could see that. The way she carries herself. The poise of her. The look in her eyes. And she walks straight—not a slouch in a mile. I could write poetry about that girl."

Ted laughed, and a fatuous grin spread over his face.

"You should have seen her when she was a kid walking along Main Street with her pigtails hanging down her back. They were so heavy they just naturally held her head up and made her walk straight. Folks used to think she was—you know—stuck up."

"Ted, let me have her photo, and I'll run it when you marry her—damn you. 'Wisconsin's Grid Hero Weds State Beauty!' That'd go clear across eight columns. And underneath that I'd put another line—'Jealous Editor Poisons Bridegroom.' Gimme that check. We've got to beat it back."

Ted stayed in the local room until he finished his cigarette, watching the reporters write, the copy boys run, the copy readers edit with irreverent pencils.

The teletypes were half through Anson Keen's address when he threw away his cigarette and took his seat by Molly. She had a little pile of newspapers on her lap, a tin cup of coffee in her hand, and she was absorbed in the prosecutor's talk.

"Gentlemen," Keen was saying, "Anthony Sommers went shopping for his lies as he might shop for a necktie. The lie about the bloody nose was shown him by one part of his brain—but was rejected. It was not good enough. The lie about the sleeping powders appealed to him, but only slightly. He put that aside too, and began to hunt for the perfect lie—the frame-up lie.

"Now, I have no respect for Big Joe Carozzo. I believe he would lie if it suited his purpose better than the truth. I have the utmost contempt for him, and for all his associates. But you must admit that they could not have lied on the witness stand. Their stories must be true, because they fit together so perfectly. Each bit of testimony given by Carozzo, by Mora, by Marcia, by Theresa, by Mickey Finn, by the waiter, by the captain of police, the detectives, the doctors, and the other witnesses, interlocks with the rest of the testimony. The stories told by all these witnesses make a mosaic, a perfect picture.

"If you throw out Carozzo's testimony, you must throw out Captain O'Malley's and Dr. Korn's.

"Sommers looks at this picture of a dastardly, cold-blooded crime, a crime of his own planning and execution, and shouts, Frame-up! I was drunk! I was asleep! I was doped! Damn whisky!'

"Adam blamed the woman. Sommers blames the drink. Is it possible one pint of whisky put this famous drinker to sleep? Why, all his associates know that Sommers isn't a one-pint drunkard. He's a two-quart man. I myself have seen him stagger into court—aye, I've seen him carried before the bar of justice when he was too drunk to walk—and I've seen him, in that condition, win some of the most difficult cases of his career.

"Anthony Sommers too drunk to know what happened in that room? If it wasn't so colossal a lie, it would be a tragic joke. Anthony Sommers drunk enough to be framed? Impossible."

TED couldn't understand Molly's calm. She must be reading every word the unseen hands were writing. But it had no more effect upon her, it seemed to him, than the electric bulb that swung above her head.

"One by one," Keen went on, "Sommers thinks up lies, and discards them—knowing we could prove each one of them to be a lie. Finally he reaches the perfect lie, the one he regards as perfect. 'I was asleep,' he says, 'and I know not what occurred. I must have been framed.'

"Framed! The word has an ugly sound. I do not like it. It puts me into Carozzo's crowd. Either I am with them in this frame-up, or else I am too stupid to realize it is a frame-up. Sommers is framed, he says. Who framed him? Carozzo? No; Carozzo and all his companions.

"Gentlemen, when you put six or seven or eight people into a frame-up, the thing begins to look a little ridiculous. Why not put in a hundred, a thousand, all the people of New York?

"'Framed!' It is so easy to say. There is hardly a man put on trial for his life who doesn't cry out, 'I am framed!' And who frames him? The men he hates, the men and women who testify against him, the police who arrest him, the district attorney who brings him to the bar of justice, and the judge and jury who convict and punish him.

"Anthony Sommers was drunk—and framed. If anyone framed him, it was the man he skewered with the spindle. It was—"

The machine stopped without warning, broke again into feverish clamor.

"*Flash,*" it wrote: "Case goes to jury 3:36 New York time."

After a moment it went on with the balance of Keen's address:

"Sommers said he would rather be accused of murder than of gum chewing. He is accused of murder.

"Why does he try to make gum chewing a crime? Merely to divert your minds from the murder.

"Gentlemen of the jury, some men speak that way of cigarettes. Yet cigarette smokers and gum chewers won the war. We sent our boys in France tons and tons of gum and cigarettes. To make them ferocious? No. To give them little comforts, to make them feel that, even though they fought under an alien sky, they were still Americans—chewers of gum, smokers of cigarettes. Gum! If you ride in the subways of New York—"

Ted turned from the machine.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page sixty-nine]

"A few minutes more," he whispered. "Just a few minutes."

He took Molly's hand. It was cold.

"You're worried," he said.

"Worried? Ted, I'm frightened. If I didn't know my father so well—I'd think he had told a silly lie. And that jury—'Anthony Sommers drunk enough to be framed? Impossible!' Of course he wasn't. Of course it's impossible! What did happen in that room? Was he drugged, struck on the head, temporarily blinded? If I were a juror—"

He laughed at her.

"Why, those twelve men will walk into that courtroom in a few minutes, Molly, and your father will come home in a few days—for our wedding."

She shook her head slowly. "I'm afraid," she said again.

IV

THE hours crawled across the little room. The unseen hands wrote on, telling the news of far places. Molly glanced at the machines now and then, or read the papers, or talked to Ted. Edens begged her to come into his office and wait for the verdict; but she preferred to wait in the uncomfortable ticker room.

It was nearly 5 o'clock, Central time, when the verdict came to them.

"*Flash:* Sommers verdict coming."

There wasn't a sound in all the building save the sound of the nervous teletype. The men in the local room had gone, all save one who sat at a quarter moon desk looking through the columns of the late editions. A copy boy sat on a bench near the desk, his freckled face hidden by Mr. Wells' Outline of History.

At the summons of the teletype he put down his book, went into the ticker room, tore out the paper, and carried it to the desk. The man looked at it, reached lazily for a telephone, spoke into it, rolled himself a brown paper cigarette, and walked to the ticker room door. Edens came out of his office hurriedly, and he had but two words to say: "Good luck!"

Molly bent over the machine, her hands on her heart, the little lock of hair falling across her eye.

"*Flash:* Judge Ingersoll is on the bench—Sommers arrives with his guards—the verdict—"

Ted, staring at the typewriter keys that banged against the black ribbon and the yellow paper, had a vision of those twelve men shambling into the courtroom. They carried their hats in their hands. One of them held a piece of paper, the verdict written on it.

It seemed strange and unjust to him that these men who had never seen him, and never would see him, these men who didn't know he was on earth, and didn't care, should have this almost godlike power to shape his life.

If they had found Sommers not guilty, they would give Ted Morehouse a bride. If their verdict should be guilty— He took up the tin cup that had held Molly's coffee, and squeezed it flat.

He moved close to the girl.

"Verdict—Sommers guilty—murder second degree—twenty years to life imprisonment—"

"Prison!" Molly's lips formed the word, but could not speak it.

The man with the brown paper cigarette vanished from the doorway. Edens followed him. The unseen hands continued writing.

Far away, it seemed, someone was shouting into a telephone. Presently the presses began to rumble and the floor to vibrate. Molly and Ted stood long before the teletype, silent.

When she looked at him, she saw that his eyes were wet, and that his hands had twisted the tin cup into a shapeless mass. She took one of his hands and pressed it. And a little drop of blood fell from her lip.

Molly was not the kind that suffers without taking action. She came swiftly to a decision that changed the course of her life. You'll learn what it was in next week's installment.

Those Old Fashioned WINTERS

Were They Really Colder?

By

E. E. FREE

Pictures by THOMAS FOGARTY

When we were young, roads were snowbound for weeks.

LIKE the younger generation, the weather seems to be warming up.

The frosts and icicles of our youth are only memories. Six-foot snowdrifts come no more, and you can skate six months only in the roller rinks. There are no more hard winters, it seems.

Do we only imagine that the winters were colder when we were young, thirty or forty or fifty years ago? Yet there are definite facts we can remember—how country roads were snowbound for weeks, how the lakes bore solid ice from December to March with never a thaw, how the apples and potatoes froze solid even in the root cellar.

Still, the figures show that one of the coldest of all the recorded winters in New Haven—and the record goes back to 1780—was the winter of 1917-18. One of the warmest was that of 1876-77.

The average yearly temperature at New Haven has never been lower than 45.2 degrees in 148 years, nor higher than 52.7 degrees, which isn't much of a difference to argue about when trying to prove that America's climate has changed.

The records show no sign of any widespread increase or decrease, either in cold or in snowfall. So that whatever we old-timers think of our frostbitten youths, the thermometer remains skeptical.

Is the old fashioned winter, then, nothing but a myth, a dim memory of rooms cold because there were no furnaces to heat them, or of snowdrifts that seemed deep merely because young legs and arms were little? No, not that, either. Both the weather records and our recollections are correct, for weather changes flow up and down like the waves on the sea.

The one thing sure about American weather is that it will not last. The important fact is that these changes are by no means haphazard. In part, if not entirely, they are great cyclic swings up and down from an intermediate position—like the swings of a pendulum.

The weather ebbs and flows in successive groups of warm winters and of cold ones, of hot summers and of cool, of dry seasons and of wet.

The first historic personage to observe this important fact of weather lore seems to have been Joseph, who in the "seven full years" stocked the granaries of Egypt against the "seven lean years."

Pharaoh, you remember, dreamed of seven fat kine and seven lean kine, and Joseph interpreted the dream to prophesy seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. Perhaps the dream really guided Joseph. Perhaps he noticed that groups of good years and groups of bad years were apt to alternate in Egypt, as cycles of rainfall wax and wane in the mountains of Central Africa and control the amount of water in the River Nile.

Joseph's seven-year periods, however, do not quite match the present cycle of rainfall in Africa. In the central portion of the continent there are several large lakes that act as gigantic rain gauges. When the rain is plentiful the lakes fill up; when scanty, the water levels fall. Modern records prove that this rising and falling follows a cycle of a little over eleven years—five or six years fall, then five or six years rise.

The weather cycles are born of the sunspots.

DURING the last few years there have been more sunspots than usual. They caused the floods and storms that marked 1927 all over the northern hemisphere.

The number of these curious blemishes varies from year to year in a fairly regular cycle, and this cycle is not merely related to the cycle of rainfall in Africa; it is identical with it. Like the rise and fall of the African lakes, the number of sunspots increases and decreases in a cycle that averages between eleven and twelve years. And, as the tramp said when the saw was handed him with his dinner, "this coincidence can hardly be an accident."

If these lakes rise and fall in exactly the same cycle as the sunspots, it must be because the changing solar condition made evident by the sunspots affects the earthly rainfall, and hence the level of the lakes. That conclusion is now firmly established.

First and foremost of all the weather cycles is this eleven-year one that originates in the variable condition of the sun. The sun's periodic attacks of spotted fever throw the earth, or parts of it, into a sympathetic sweat. And the great lakes of Africa aren't the only places where this fact is evident.

The weather in parts of South America has been correlated even more definitely with week-by-week variations

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It is "nerves" *when you fly off the handle*

Like a hammer-head flown from the handle is the man whose fits of temper lose him the respect of his business associates . . . is the woman whose chronic irritability oppresses her husband and children. For such nervous exhaustion, physicians in 58 countries frequently prescribe FELLOWS' Syrup as a tonic. It contains "chemical foods," important elements in nerve and tissue building. It promotes appetite, favors increased vitality, and aids nature to control unruly nerves.

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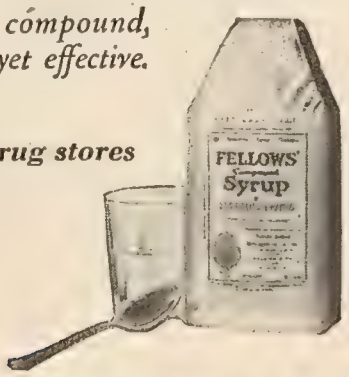

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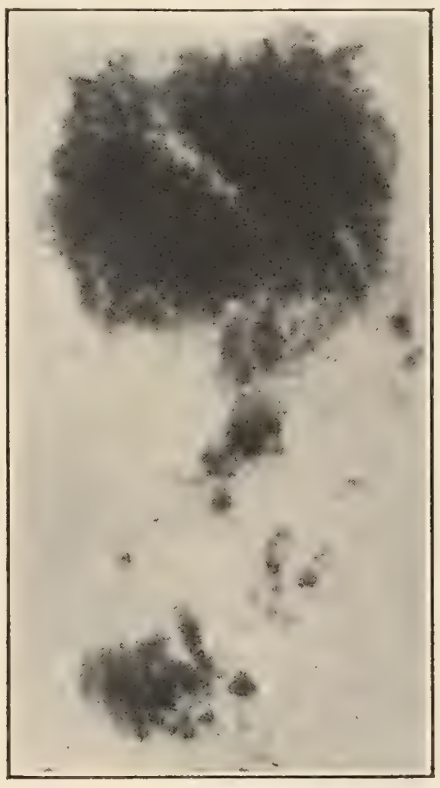
Mediterranean, Jan. 29, 1930, $600 up

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

[THOSE OLD FASHIONED WINTERS]
Continued from page seventy-one

in the intensity of the sunlight. The eleven-year period has been identified in the annual growth rings of trees in California and in Arizona, and in the thicknesses of layers of colored clay deposited each spring on the bottoms of Swedish lakes. The fluctuations of the glaciers of Canada and Switzerland, advancing or retreating in their mountain valleys, also show the beat of this great solar pulse. In Australian rocks, deposited at least two hundred million years ago, evidence has been found that the sun was then varying in about the same eleven-year cycle that it displays today.

This eleven-year heartbeat of the sun is one of the greatest influences that affect the earth. But if this were the only cycle with a bearing on the weather, the task of the forecaster would be easy. There are shorter cycles and longer cycles — cycles from fourteen months to fifty-five years and even longer, some authorities declare. And on top of all these cycles, real or imaginary, there seem to be some weather changes that are purely haphazard and irregular.



P. & A. photo

A sunspot three billion miles square, photographed from northern Canada in March, 1926.

The actual ebb and flow of our weather is a good deal like a complicated set of waves and ripples on the sea.

On the top of the weather curves is the short, clearly marked ripple of the eleven-year sunspot cycle. Underneath this are many longer and larger waves of the weather ocean, almost inextricably confused. Below them all there ebb and flow the long slow swells of the open sea, the still mightier motions of the tide. At times these waves of weather combine, helping each other to cause greater and greater cold. Then the old fashioned winters come back with a vengeance, like those famous seventh waves in the sea supposed to be higher than all the rest. At other times the cycles of cold conflict and diminish one another. Then we enjoy, as we have during the past six years, a series of winters that are less than usually cold.

"A STUDY of meteorological records," writes the distinguished British meteorologist, Prof. G. C. Simpson, "shows that the years 1885 to 1892 formed a sequence of eight cold years, especially in the winter. It was this sequence of cold years which gives us the correct impression of colder winters in our childhood. This remarkable sequence of cold years was followed by an almost equally remarkable sequence of eight warm years with abnormally warm summers. Thus we see there is some justification for the idea that the climate is now different from what it was thirty years or so ago."

In the fourteenth century, while the black death was ravaging Europe, there happened what were probably the coldest winters of the past 2,000 years.

There are some trees in California that were alive at this time. Some of these trees prove by the annual growth rings of their trunks that they have been alive for more than 3,000 years. Dr. Ellsworth Huntington of Yale has asked these Methuselahs about the fourteenth century. By measuring the exact thickness of each of their annual rings, he has estimated the centuries in which they received the most moisture.

THE trees told him, he reports, that those wintry years of the fourteenth century were rainy and well watered in California — exactly what we would expect in a dry and sunny southern land.

Close to the eastern edge of California lies a round pot-like hollow in the hills, called Searles Lake. Once the basin held a lake more than 600 feet deep. High on the walls of the hills above Searles Lake visitors can see the wave-cut terraces, marking the level where the ancient lake once stood. Below this topmost strand I counted, in 1912, more than 200 other water marks, each once a temporary shore line of the lake. Here was evidently a natural rain gauge like those of the African lakes, but one that has altogether evaporated.

In the jungles of Central America, where even savages now find living difficult, stand ruins of the mighty cities of the Mayas. The only reasonable explanation of the fate that reduced this great people to savagery is that the climate changed.

Halfway around the world, in Cambodia, stands another jungle-buried ruin, that of Angkor the Magnificent, once the home, so experts estimate, of not less than a million people. The present owners of its stone palaces and marble halls are snakes and monkeys. The inference is, once more, that climates change.

In a country of more continuous memories, records in the famous Domesday Book and in reports of medieval lawsuits show that in the eleventh century the small streams of the English county of Kent were turning many more mills than these same streams could turn today.

Beneath all these pendulum swings of world climate, like the filling and emptying of Searles Lake, there lies, geologists tell us, a climatic pulsation larger and enormously more powerful than that which caused the great ice age.

The sites of Chicago and of Buffalo once had climates like that of Greenland today. There were other times when these northern lake shores enjoyed the climate of the modern New Orleans or Havana.

The northern hemisphere is now about in midswing, probably away from the last cold period of the great ice age and toward one of the times of gentler warmth. Palms may wave once more beside the shores of Lake Michigan—but that return of " everlasting summer " is probably not less than thirty thousand years ahead.

These vast back-and-forth swings of world weather make us wonder what keeps the pendulum going. For the tiny pulse beats of Joseph's cycle, the sunspots are perhaps sufficient explanation.

THE great engine that manufactures earthly weather is a solar engine. Sunlight falling on the sea heats the surface water and drives some of it off as vapor into the air. Other rays heat the land and create the motions of the atmosphere called winds.

The amount of sunlight that reaches the earth's surface each minute provides as much power as the burning of eighty or ninety million tons of coal. One function of this gigantic sun-driven machine is to deal out weather to the earth.

It is natural that changes in the power supplies to this vast engine should affect its operation, but these cannot be expected to affect it simply. The strengthened sunlight of a year of many sunspots will not merely warm all parts of the earth equally, as it might do were the great weather engine not so vast and complicated. What an increase of sunlight actually does is to quicken the engine a trifle, perhaps making it do things in a slightly different way.

Storms may follow different tracks; ocean currents may run a trifle slower or faster; more sun heat, evaporating more water from the tropic seas, may cause the paradox of increased rain and cloud, and therefore of lesser warmth instead of more, in lands outside the tropic zone. Something of this sort seems to have caused the hard winter of 1927-28 in Europe.

Whether longer solar changes are what we must look to for the greater swings of weather that transcend the eleven-year sunspot cycle, is still unknown. Meanwhile we can merely guess, and expect nothing definite from the weather, except that it will change. There have been cold winters in the past. They will come again.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—The amethyst.
2—An alloy in the proportion of 925 parts of silver to 75 parts of copper.
3—Delaying of legislative action in an assembly by dilatory motions or other artifices.
4—The many; the multitude, masses, or populace.
5—Goslin of Washington.
6—From the old province of Champagne, France.
7—Black, yellow, and red.
8—A small antelope living on lofty mountains of Europe and southwestern Asia.
9—Virginia.
10—Ingenious suggests inventive faculty or skill; ingenuous implies frankness or artlessness.
11—The Royal Canadian Mounted Police.
12—Great Britain and Germany.
13—Passing counterfeit money.
14—That it depicts a scene from every-day life, as distinguished from a romantic, historic, or ideal theme.
15—Stephen Grover.
16—Lower.
17—The metric system.
18—An olive leaf.
19—That part of society which is a stickler for conventional propriety.
20—Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; Siva, the destroyer.

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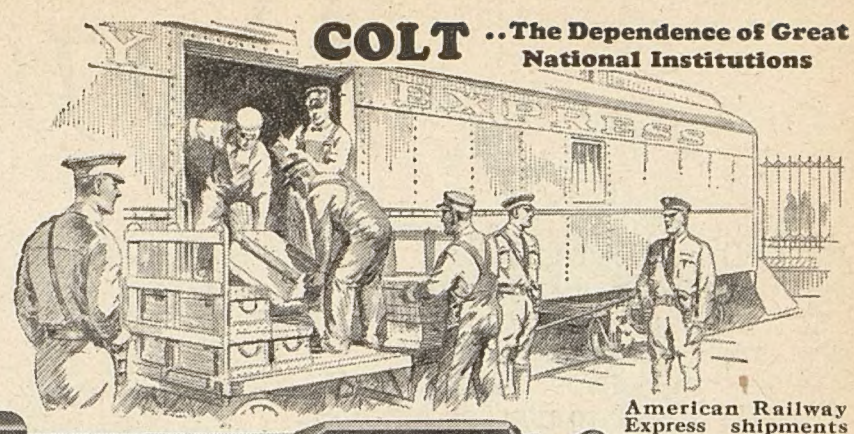

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MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

POWDERS

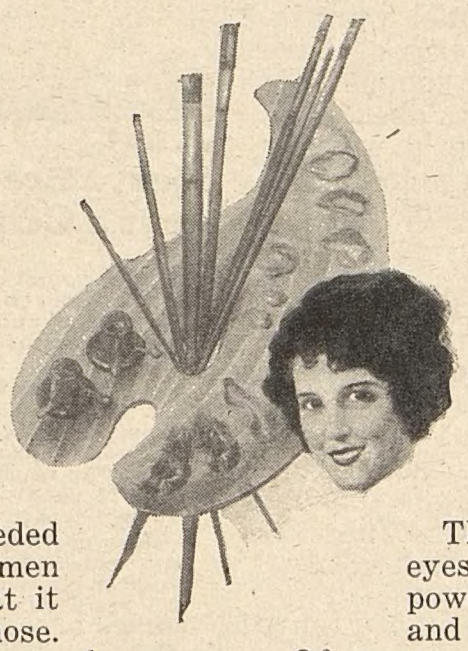
By
EILEEN BOURNE

TWO hundred and forty million boxes of face powder were sold in the United States last year. Figure out for yourself in dollars what it costs Miss America a year to powder her nose.

"Too much," we hear Mr. America sigh. But Miss? Her sigh is one of regret for the new shades she'd like to have tried out. Mr. America's fortitude isn't going to be strengthened by other 1928 cosmetic expenditures gleaned from the same trade paper source:

Boxes of rouge, 18,000,000.
Jars of cream, 55,000,000.
Talcum powder, sixty tons.

Well, men may sigh, but women must wipe—away the shine.



Thus the face powder business marches steadily on. But gone are the old days when to start in business one needed only "a spoon, a barrel, and a sieve." Women ask much more of powder today than that it be merely balm for a soul with a shiny nose. Removing the shine remains its basic purpose for use; but such is the modern-day cultivation of the art of make-up that powder has established a place not second to rouge, lipstick, or eye shading in straight decorative value.

A few years ago women bought "red rouge for their cheeks." So it created a "blush" was all that was asked. Then there developed gradually a cultivated selection of cheek coloring, with strawberry, raspberry, geranium, coral, tangerine, and orange tones supplanting the old red order.

A similar evolution, but with a far wider scope of variations, is occurring with powders. The gamut in shades is run from white to green, from ivory to mauve, with a dozen fine nuances of the commoner rachel and flesh, rose and naturel.

When buying powder there is an important consideration on which many women err. On this point a beauty expert internationally known for her familiarity with the subject has to say:

"The face is not blocked off into sections, each section warring with the others as to which can carry the loudest color banner, as, say, black for the eyes, scarlet for the lips, coral for the cheeks, and white for the nose. The face is seen as a small canvas, but as a whole canvas, and, as everyone knows, in the blending of the tones lies the beauty."

While classifying types is admittedly difficult, an idea may be gained from the color blendings suggested by this expert:

A Nordic blonde with fair hair, blue eyes, and fair skin is advised to use a cream powder, with a geranium rouge, geranium lipstick, and blue eye shading.

The Anglo-blonde with ash hair, brown eyes, and creamy skin might use effectively a rachel powder, with coral rouge, cardinal lipstick, and brown eye shading.

The Celtic blonde with brown hair, hazel or gray eyes, and ivory skin may use a cream powder, with raspberry rouge and lipstick and blue eye shading.

For the Titian blonde, auburn-haired, brown-eyed, and white-skinned, a cream powder, brown eye shading, coral rouge, and cardinal lipstick.

The brown-haired, brown-eyed brunette with fair skin might find the rachel powder and raspberry shades in cheek and lip best, with blue or brown eye shading.

For the black-haired, blue-eyed brunette with fair skin the creamy powder is good, with lipstick and rouge of a warm and complementary shade. For her the blue eye shading may be best.

For the brown-haired brunette with hazel, blue, or gray eyes and ivory skin, the rachel powder is flattering.

The Latin brunette with black hair, dark eyes, and olive skin will find that an ocher powder blends effectively with bright lipstick and rouge.

Of course, our authority adds, liberties may be taken and indulged in if the type is outstanding or if a woman wants to transform herself from a negative individual into one with a more interesting personality.

The green powder (almost Nile green or light in tone) is meeting popular favor because, used when certain frocks are worn, it lends a fascinating touch.

The green, in addition to its esthetic value with certain types, has practical use, especially among Englishwomen of that peculiarly native broken-veined facial characteristic. It tones down the florid face.

Mauve powder for blonde and white-haired women, I am told, has fascinating possibilities. To the blonde it lends a fine transparency of skin.

SUNBURN powder, the rage for which started on the Riviera a season or two back, is as popular as ever. For resort wear it is the perfect answer to the prayer for a healthy, tanned look, without the real sunburn dangers. Arms, stockingless legs, and face all are treated to the vivid outdoor substitute.

Nor is it confined to beach wear. There are women who adopt it even for evening wear, and with pleasing results.

The avenue of study that may be opened up in connection with powders is hinted at in the few suggestions offered by our authority on selections to be made with an evening dress in mind:

"If a blonde wears a green frock, she may use a natural shade of powder, and if the powder is flecked with gold, as some powders are, it adds a charming touch. If she wears black, the green powder may make her skin even more transparently clear. If she wears a white gown she will need a contrasting shade, so a darker powder, such as a French ocher, is suggested. That is, if her eyes are blue. If they're brown, the sunburn shade may be just the vivid bit she needs. With a pink frock, mauve would be good.

"If a brunette would look pale and interesting, green powder for her gowns with color in them and mauve with a black frock are suggested. The mauve with the black frock makes the skin look like ivory. With a very light or white dress a French ocher or a sunburn would create another personality, a warm or vivid one.

"If a woman is sedate in dress, or reserved, then her powders should follow her natural reserve."

Altogether, if it isn't going to make life too complicated, the study of powders for you and your frock and the rest of your make-up should prove fascinating.

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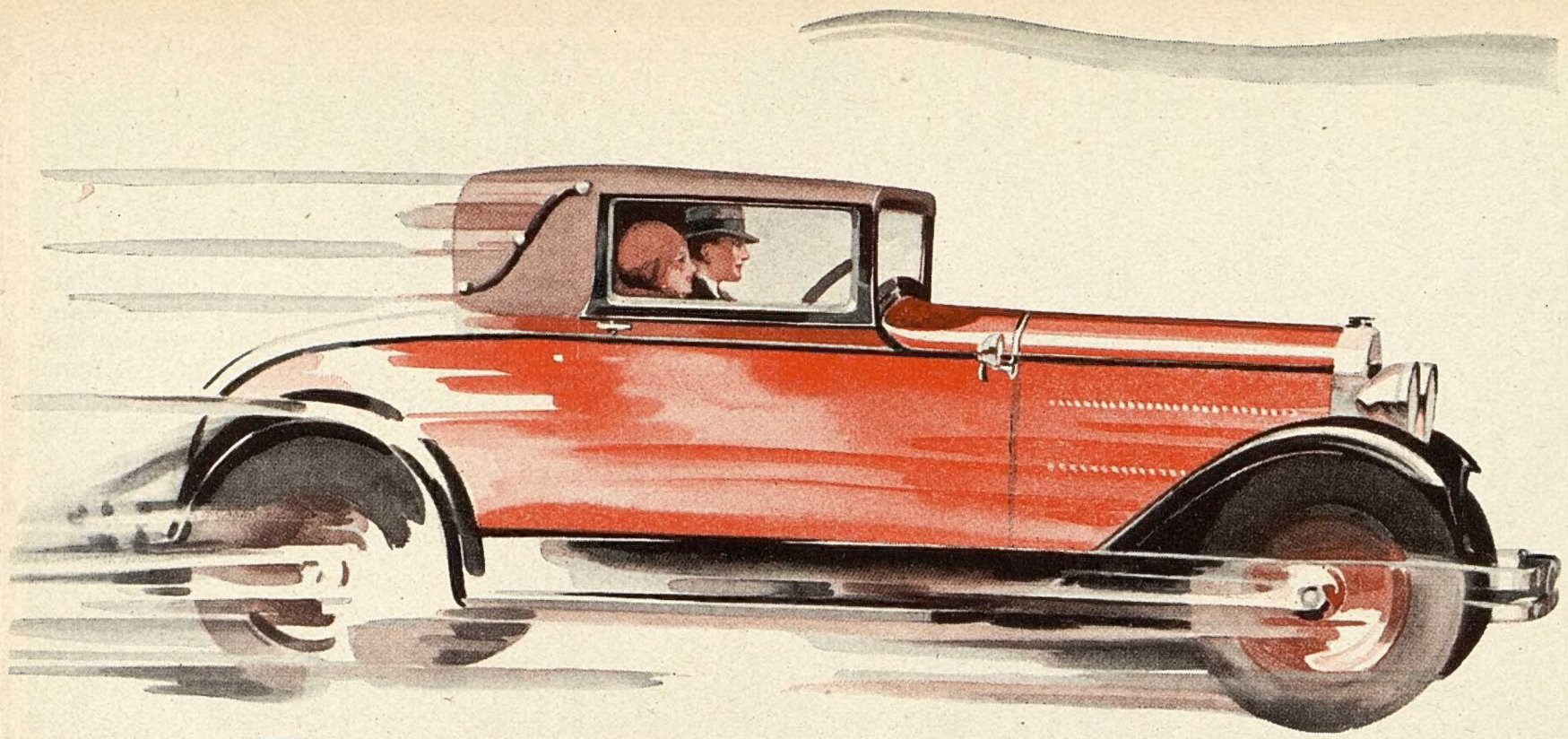

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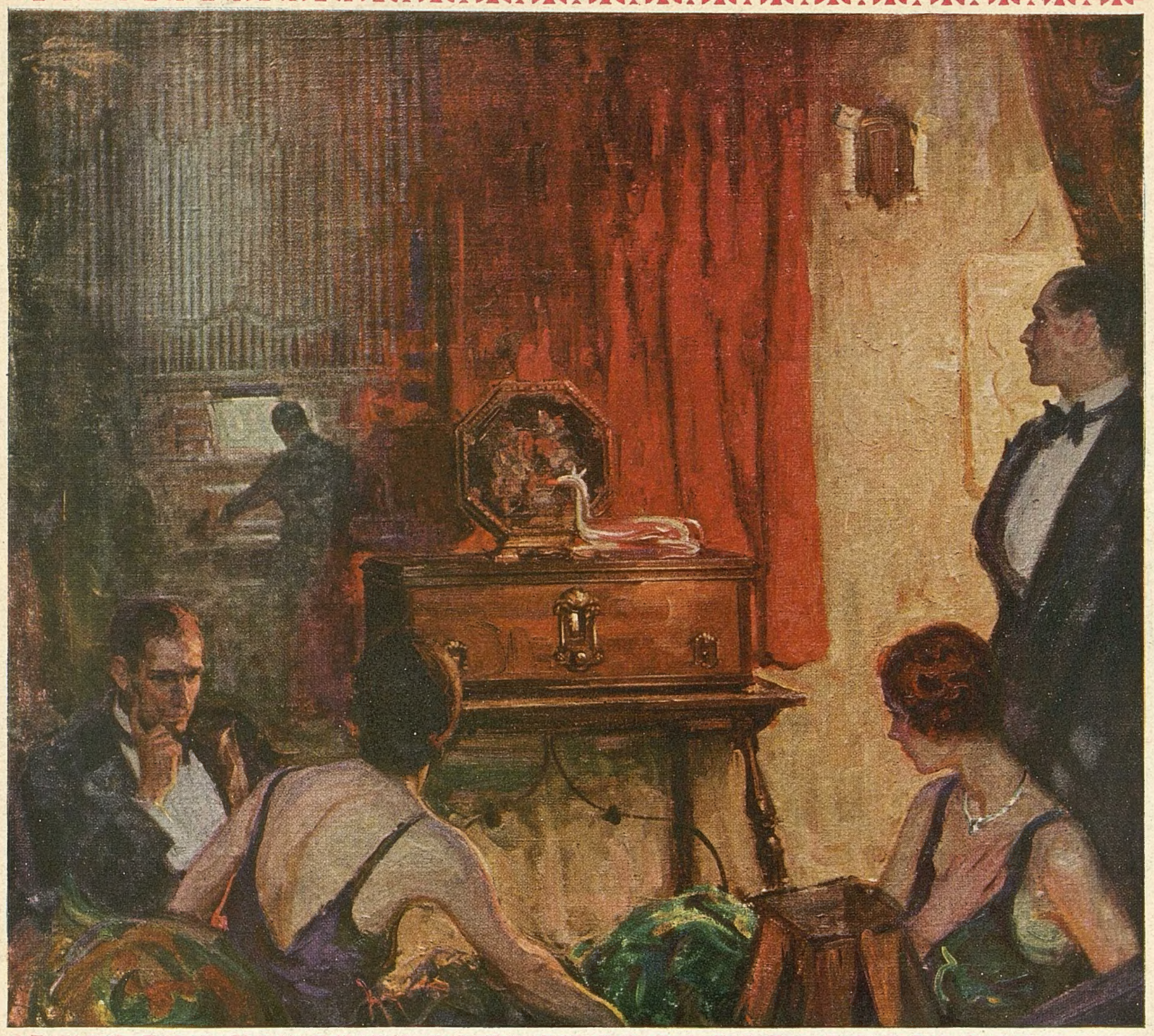

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